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EXCURSION (FUTILE ENOUGH) TO PARIS; AUTUMN 1851:

THROWN ON PAPER, WHEN GALLOPING, FROM SATURDAY TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4-7, 1851.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

MONDAY morning was dim, and at 7 I was again awake; an unslept, weary man. Walk through the old streets, eastward and northward. *Rue Neuve des Petits Augustins*, &c., &c., to *Place des Victoires;* places known to me of old: contrast of feelings seven and twenty years apart: eheu, eheu! The streets had all got *trottoirs*, the old houses seemed older and more dilapidated: crowds of poor-looking people, here and there a well-dressed man, going as if to his "office" (*bourgeois*, in clean linen and coat); very small percentage of such, and all *smoking*. Louis XIV. in Place des Victoires: "Comment?" said I to two little dumpy men in white wide-awakes: "Est-ce qu' on a laissé *cela*, pendant la République?" They grinned a good-humoured affirmation. Homewards by the Palais Royal; said Palais Royal very dirty, very dim; hardly anybody in it: *new* in the southern part; Louis Philippe's Palace made into an exhibition place for *Arts et Métiers*. Emerge, then, after some windings and returnings, into the Rue St. Honore; heart of the old Louvre and Carrousel almost gutted out, block of half-demolished buildings still standing; very dusty, very dim, all things. In the narrow streets and poor dark shops, &c., such figures poor old women, little children, the forlorn of the earth.

"How do they live?" one asked oneself with sorrow and amazement.—Catarrh general still in our party, catarrh or other illness *universal* in it. Better get home as soon as possible?

After breakfast, with Lord Ashburton to call on General Cavaignac, whom we understood to be in town, of all Frenchmen the one I cared a straw to see. *Rue Houssaié* where it joins as continuation to *Rue Taitbout*, north from Boulevard des Italiens; there in a modest-enough locality was the General's house. "Gone to the country *(aux Départements)*, uncertain whither, uncertain when; clearly no Cavaignac for us!" We drove away again, disappointed in mind, *tant soit peu*. "Lift the top from the carriage, let me drive through the streets with you, and sit warm and smoke, while you do business:" that was my proposal to Lord Ashburton, who gladly assented: agreed to wait at his "club" (*Club* of Frenchmen chiefly, and of some Étrangers, near the Boulevards,—quite "empty" at this time); home for a warmer coat, coachman and lackey to doff the carriage-roof: and after some waiting we all duly rally (at Rue de la Paix I, at said club Lord Ashburton)—and roll away eastward and into the heart of the city. Pleasant drive, and the best thing I could do to-day. Boulevards very stirring, airy, *locomotive* to a fair degree, but the *vehiculation* very light. Looked at the exotic old high houses; the exotic rolling crowd. Barrière St. Martin; turn soon after into the rightward streets, shops, lapidary or other, Lord Ashburton has to call at; I remain seated; learn we are near the Temple; decide to go thither. Old, pale-dingy edifice, shorn of all its towers; only a gate and dead wall to the street. Policeman issues on us as we enter; stony eyes, villainous look, has never heard of Louis XVI., or his imprisonment here. "Non, monsieur!"—but from the other side of the gate comes an old female concierge who is fully familiar with it; she, brandishing her keys, will gladly show us all. Building seems totally empty: a police station in some corner of it, that is all. *Garde Mobile* lived in it in 1848, before that it was a convent (under the Bourbons); Napoleon had already much altered it; filled up *(comblé)* one storey of it, in order to make a *pièce d'eau* (not quite dry) in the garden. Old trees still up to their *armpits* there: a very strange proceeding for a *pièce d'eau!* Damp, brown, and dismal, all these

emptinesses; grass growing on the pavements; big halls within (a grand royal hotel once, after the Templars ceased from it); on the second floor (once third?) the royal *prison*-apartments, religiously kept, are still there. Marie Antoinette's *oratoire;* the place of Cléry's scene of adieu: a grim locality indeed! Garde Mobile had drawn emblematic figures with burnt stick, in a *few* instances they had *torn* the walls, and made ugly big gaps with their bayonets. Our old *concierge* called the primitive republicans (in reference to Louis) "*gueux*,"—she seemed of royalist disposition,—cut us off a bit of room-paper for souvenir, accepted our three francs with many courtesies, and so we left the *Temple*, a memorable scene in one's archives.

Bronze-dealer next, manufacturer rather,—the greatest (*soi-disant*) *de l'univers:* Lord Ashburton in want of such things went in, I with him, and we walked through various long suites of *pendules, statuettes, chandeliers*, &c. &c.,—an ardent, greedy, acrid-looking person (he of "l'univers") escorting us; almost frantic with the desire to *sell* to a milord for money. A vehement lean creature, evidently of talent in his kind, and of an eagerness—I have not seen such an hungry pair of eyes. We bought nothing; I would not have had a gift of anything I saw there,—the best *de l'univers:* "*tantis non egeo!*" Out at last, and I decided not to enter any other, but to sit outside and smoke. Next place, a still finer *bronze* concern; *indisputably* de l'univers,—but I wouldn't enter; sat smoking pleasantly in an old quaint street (Quartier du Temple somewhere) for three-quarters of an hour, and bought a glass of *vin ordinaire* (1d.) in the interim, and another for *cocher*, who seemed charmed and astonished. That suited me better than bronzes. But Lord Ashburton did buy a pendule and some fire or hearth apparatus here, all being so extremely good, and the chief man of the establishment, whom I soon after saw at the Hôtel Meurice delivering his goods, seemed to me again a decidedly clever, sagacious, courageous, broad, and energetic man. *Mem.* I had been in a *Bookseller's* (on Saturday), the cut of whose face indicated some talent, and a similar *sincerity* of greed and eagerness. A reflection rose gradually that *here*, in the industrial class, is the real backbone of French society; the truly ingenious and strong men of France are

here, making money,—while the politician, &c., &c., class is mere play-actorism, and will *go to the devil* by and bye! "Assuredly," as Mahomet says.—We returned by Marché des Innocents, by Rue St. Honoré and many streets, which to look upon was a real drama to me,—so many queer stone objects, queer flesh-and-blood ones, seen just once and never again at all! Home about 5, to dine with Lady Sandwich at 7; I flung myself on bed, and actually caught a few minutes of sleep.

Lady Sandwich's dinner was wholly in the French fashion, this was its whole result for me,—to see such a thing *once*. Company, besides us two who entered first: Marquis Villa-real, a thick Portuguese man with big hoary head, and boring black eyes (glitter of black *glass*), a sturdy man, long ambassador in England —spoke English—had he had anything to say for me: M. and Mme. Thiers, madame a brunette of forty, pretty enough of her kind, an insignificant kind, hardly spoke with her; lastly, a Scotch Miss Ellice ("Bear's"); and our two "distinctions," Mérimée and Laborde, with a Comte (something) Roget, a poor thin man with two voices, bass and treble alternating, who said almost nothing with either of them. Kickshaws, out of which I gathered a slice of undone beef, wines enough, out of which a drop of good sherry and tumbler of *vin ordinaire;* talk worth nothing, tolerable only had one *not* been obliged to manufacture French. Women and men together, all suddenly rise from table, pushing back their chairs with *fracas;* then to the drawing-room for coffee and talk with Thiers and Mérimée, who said or could say nothing notable, heartily glad to get away, with twenty drops of some soporific liquid ("jeremy" a laudanum preparation) from the good old lady which was to make me *sleep*. Eheu!—Mérimée sat again in the drawing-room at Meurice's; got upon German literature: "Jean Paul, a hollow fool of the first magnitude;" "Goethe the *best*, but insignificant, unintelligible, a paltry kind of scribe *manqué* (as it seemed):"—I could stand no more of it, but lighted a cigar and adjourned to the street. "You impertinent blasphemous block-head!" this was sticking in my throat; better to retire without bringing it out! such was the sin of *the Jews*, thought I; the assay of so much that goes on still, "crucify *him*, he is naught!"—for

which they still sell "old clothes." Good-humoured banter on my return in, Mérimée being gone: then to bed,—and sleep, alas! no sleep at all! A plunging and careering through chaos and cosmos, through life and through death, all things high and low huddled tragically together; now in my poor room at Scotsbrig (so quiet *there*, beside my poor old mother!), now at Chelsea, now beyond the moon: I did not sleep till six, and then hardly for an hour, such the noises, such my nerves. The "jeremy" (ten drops of it) had rather done me mischief, the other ten I poured out of window. Towards morning one practical thought rose in me, that I could get *home again in a day;* that I had no work here, and ought to get home! Out after eight, up Rue de la Paix, down towards Obelisk of Luxor again; bought an *indicateur des Chemins de Fer.* It was settled at breakfast that Lord Ashburton should go with me *on Thursday*,—the Lady to stay behind till Saturday, while her cold mended, and then come. *Très bien.* Lady Sandwich has a *second* dinner for us to-day; out of which I apologise; to dine simply at *four*, and will keep myself peaceably at home. [Pause *here*: have to go to the Strand with an umbrella! Monday, 6 Oct., 1851.]

Tuesday, 30 September, after breakfast *(then, I think)* call on the Brownings, very sorry they that I am bound for home perhaps to-morrow, at any rate next day; will come to them to tea "if possible." At Meurice's, Mérimée again to take Lord Ashburton to some show of ancient armour: I decline to go; stay there, and lounge in talk with Lady Ashburton, who knits. "Attaché to French Embassy," name forgotten or never known, thin, half-squinting, insignificant, brown-skinned young Parisian;—I go out to call on Lady Sandwich; dinner in prospect there, and lamentations over mine and everybody's sickness. Dine at 4, on frugal starved beef with one glass of sherry; Lord Ashburton to dine below with certain Bruces (Lord Aylesbury's son and *femme* who is Sidney Herbert's sister) who are just come: enter said Lady Bruce, pretty but *unbedeutend;* enter Bruce, big nose, English noisy say-nothing; enter finally an Englishman who knows me, whom I cannot recollect to know, who proves at last to be *Sheridan* (Mrs. Norton's brother): talkee, talkee, *nichts zu bedeuten.* I with-

draw to Browning's before seven. Great welcome there; and tea in quiet; Browning gives me (being cunningly led to it) copious account of the late "revolutions" at Florence,—such a fantastic piece of Drury-lane "revolution" as I have seldom heard of. With all such "revolutions" may the devil swiftly fly away! Home soon after ten; remember nothing of what I found there;—to bed, and happily get some reasonable sleep. Weather has now broken into showers. Lady Sandwich's dinner (an *English* party in honour of us) has consisted mainly of Sir (is he that?) Henry Bulwer, whom I never saw and care little about seeing.

Wednesday morning, damp walk; Nero's *collar and string* (gift for my wife), at the top of Rue de la Paix: cigars a little farther on, one or two,—very *bad*, dear as in England. Settled *now* that Lord Ashburton is to go with me to-morrow, through in one day; the Lady to wait "till Saturday" when probably she will be able to follow. *Très bien.* Donothingism for a while; then out to see *Champ de Mars* again; *Hôtel des Invalides* by the way; curious *hawker* (in good clothes, like a kind of gentleman) selling steel pens on Pont Royal: he wrote like a Butterworth,—poor soul, no better trade! *Invalides* and barracks in front near by very striking. Multitudes of *blind* old soldiers. *Promenade des Aveugles;* place nothing like so *clean* as Chelsea; cannons round it, chimney tops, &c., shaped (I thought) like a kind of fantastic *helmet;* figure of Napoleon in inner court:—very well. Through dull streets, with some trees, to *École Militaire* and grand review in Champ de Mars. Poor Champ de Mars, in a very dilapidated, unswept, and indeed quite ugly condition! Federation "30 feet" of mound is sunk to eight or ten (as I said above), is torn through in many places, is untrimmed, sordid, everywhere,—the place (perhaps 100 acres or more) is altogether dusty, disorderly, waste and ugly. If Federation slope were to be completed, trimmed, and kept *green* with the trees on it; if *any* order or care were shown.—But there is none of that kind, there or anywhere. What strikes you in all public places first is the dirt, the litter of dust, fallen leaves or whatever there may be. Review going on, worth little: finer *men* than common about the streets, with these strange *bellows*-shaped red trousers (tight over the hips,

tight at ancles; intermediately *wide* as petticoats), with their straight, pinched blue coats and ridiculous flower-pot caps; good middle-sized, well-grown men many of them; they were marching, going on in *detail*, some resting, not many together anywhere: hardly worth above a glance or two. Passy and Chaillot looked very beautiful across the river. Troops now began to take up position and *fire*,—burn the Republic's gunpowder. I went my way; inquired of an oldish soldier (not Invalid) about the populous heights to westwards: it was "Sèvres"; St. Cloud not quite visible here; this is the *Pont de Jéna* (old soldier, very civil and talkative). I *cross* by Pont Jéna; ascend through dirty little tea-garden groves into Passy, sit down there among wilderness of stones (new *unused* mason stones), and smoke, looking over a pleasant view of some wing of Paris, the noise from Champ de Mars growing louder and louder—to the waste of the Republic powder. Passy, Chaillot, suburban village street; very quiet, in spite of an omnibus or two; exotic of aspect, worth walking alone. Arc de l'Étoile again; still enough to-daywhen there is no Hippodrome. Rain begins in the Champs Élysées; call on Lady Sandwich; home to dinner, by the arcades, in decided rain. Comte (something) Roget is there; has been speaking of Abbés, Abbé Gondy, &c., is getting himself delicately quizzed, I perceive. "*Jeunesse dorée jeunesse argenté*,—des bottes,"—in fine M. le Comte, who is a very weak brother, hastens to take himself away, feeling not at ease here. Dinner (*bad* mutton-chop,—useless wretched "cookery" all along, to *my* poor experience), then half dress a little, a dinner is to be here at 7. Thiers and the two *inevitables* (Mérimée and Laborde); I decided to vanish to Browning's in the interim. At Browning's vague talk, kind enough; take leave, and home soon after 9. Prints, I had been surveying two large batches of Bookseller's Prints, "on approb";—marking the defects, &c. Did not go up to the three strangers all at once; duly by degrees shook hands with the two inevitables (who staid late, clatter-clattering); Thiers, in about half an hour, glided out without any speech with me. I am told that he is jealous that I respect him insufficiently! Poor little soul, I have no pique at him whatsoever; and of the three, or indeed of known Frenchmen (Guizot included)

consider him much the best man. A healthy human animal, with due *braverism* (high and low), due *bulkinism*, or *more* than due; in fine a *healthy* creature, and without any "conscience," good or bad. Whereas, Guizot—I find him a solemn intriguant, an Inquisitor-Tartuffe, gaunt, hollow, resting on the everlasting No, with a haggard consciousness that it ought to be the everlasting Yea: to me an extremely detestable kind of man. So I figure him,—from his books and aspect, and avoided to speak with him while he was last here. Heaven forgive me if I do the poor man wrong; practically I have only to *avoid* him, that is all. To poor Thiers I have sent compliments (if such be *due* at all) since my return; part with him in peace.

The inevitables are not interesting; at length they go their ways: and now it palpably turns out, Lord Ashburton is *not* going to-morrow morning, feels better, and ought to stay for Lady Ashburton! Heavy news for my poor fancy (shuddering at a French journey); but how could I deny that the measure was perfectly reasonable; that, in fact, the poor ailing lady *ought* to have some escort. I must go myself, then; must part and shave this night, be called to-morrow at 6½: "adieu, madame!" Lord Ashburton walks with me while I smoke in Place Vendôme; will see me on the morrow (but doesn't); lends me two gold sovereigns: Good-night! Packing, shaving, fiddling hither and thither: it is past one o'clock before I get to bed; and then there are many *noises* (some strange enough) to start and again start me: at length, in spite of *fate*, sink into chaotic sleep, and lie so till Mason ("groom of chambers," valet long known) calls me: quarter to 7: up, and not a minute lost!

Thursday morning (2 Oct. 1851). Swift, swift! The little brown valet has coffee ready; I can eat only a cubic inch of bread, half-*drink* a small egg; drink nearly all the hot milk: that is my five-minutes' breakfast in the deadly press of hurry; then into a *fiacre*, *laquais de place* volunteering to attend me,—and so away! Early French streets; some "Place de Lafayette" (so far as I could read), then Terminus, still in good time,—but such a bustle, such a fuss and uproar for half an hour to come! Tickets, *dear* (some £2 12s.), and difficult extremely, then *sliding* of your luggage *en*

queue along a lid counter (to be weighed), and quarrels about it; ohone, ohone! laquais and fiacre cost me $3\frac{1}{2} + 1\frac{1}{2} = 5$ francs. Luggage (mistaken, I believe, after all) is $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc + endless, maddening botheration. At length you *are* admitted, hardly find a place; and so away! Eight of us inside: two John Bulls (one with toothache and afraid of air); one fat Frenchwoman, very sad-looking; then I, opposite, *young* John Bull, and snappish old-young English lady; at the extreme right two French exhibitioners: have to fight for *air*, but get it,—then hold my peace as much as possible: "*Madame, cela finira; cela ne durera pas à tout jamais!*" We are quiet to one another, and no incivility occurs. "Auteuil," said my French neighbour on the right, an oldish, common-place, innocent man; then "Montmorenci"; country very beautiful here; grows gradually less so; "Pontoise," and still uglier flat, bare country, gradually after which quite flat, bare, ill-tilled, and ugly, and so continues. "At Arras" (you can *see* nothing of it, or of anything: a mere open, barren flat, and a meagre little barrack of a station-house built), get a bun and glass of vin ordinaire,—this was all my food till England. "Amiens" (nothing visible); "Lille" (ugly waste station-house): on, on, Oh let it end! Country all *flat; flax* with ditches: *haricots* in upright bundles with a stick in each; *spade* husbandry (man digging), careful culture hereabouts; pleasant-looking villages on the higher ground towards the sea; some trees, very feeble; broad level railway course, often straight as a line: not one tunnel from Paris. Short battering shower or two, then again bright weather. Thank Heaven, Calais *at last.* Passport showing; crowded botheration, steamer overflowing (German, Italian, French), in the end we do get under way,— have seen *nothing* of Calais but the harbour and some of the steeple-tops: is not that a beautiful way of travelling?

Our passage was of two hours, rather pitching, cold wind, once a violent shower of rain: "Hoahh—ohh!" frequent and sordid; couldn't think of smoking; *stood* mainly. Stewards abundantly humane; one poor German lay half-dead; two hundred of us or more,—Dover in the damp, gusty twilight; and at length squeeze out. "Commissioner of Gun Tavern," one *can* get refreshment along then! Brandy and water and beef-steak, in the dirty coffee-

room of Gun Tavern,—extremely welcome in fine, and beneficial India captain talking as he ate, foolish old Lancashire steam machinist (from Lago Maggiore region) answering loudly, foolishly. Commissioner has *done* my trunk: "two-franc piece" (what you please),—no likelihood of starting "for an hour yet," so *many* are we. Get my wetted (not dried) topcoat. Somebody has stolen three good cigars; happily nothing else. Station-house, and place myself; can't *see* trunk, have to believe it right (and it proves so). Fat Frenchwoman lands beside me again. Young English-Belgian tourists (seemingly), three young men, one ditto woman: silly all, and afraid of air. Off, at last, thank Heaven! By the shore, cliffs, and sea to Folkestone; *we* have no lamp (so *many* in train), after Folkestone, thanks to beef-steak and extremity of fatigue, I fall *asleep* (never the like in a railway before); half-waken twice, to pull down the window (which is always pulled up again straightway); awaken wholly, and it is London Bridge! Admirable silence, method and velocity here. They keep us standing some ten minutes, tickets got, trunks are all laid *out* in an enclosure under copious light; "Tiens, je vois déjà ma malle!" exclaims Monsieur: as might I, and others. Near midnight, through muddy rains, am home safe,—scarce credible!—and have as it were *slept* ever since. Oh the joy of being home again, home and silent! No Ashburton come *yet:* weather wet. *Finis.* 7 Oct., 1851.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE TRAMWAYS.

THE London County Council, that thankless child of a Conservative Government, is always getting into trouble. One iniquity succeeds another so quickly, each more appalling than its predecessor, that the gentlemen who write for the Conservative Press find themselves hard put to it to ring the changes on the copious vocabulary of abuse which forms so large a portion of their stock-in-trade. While Lord Rosebery was devoting himself heart and soul to the task of mastering and regulating the business of the Council, loyally seconded by men like Sir John Lubbock, Sir Thomas Farrer, Lord Hobhouse, and Lord Lingen, society and its hangers-on were engaged in framing a comprehensive indictment against the ratepayers of London in the persons of their representatives, who were accused of doing everything they ought not to have done and of leaving undone everything that they ought to have done. The brilliant attack by Mr. Frederic Harrison on the critics of the Council, in the last issue of this Review, does not err on the side of over-statement. I do not propose to add anything to his eloquent vindication of the Council, which will, I hope, arrest the attention of many who have hitherto been content to accept, in ignorance and thoughtlessness, the current opinion of lazy loungers and party hacks. My object is to give in some detail the facts with regard to the resolution lately passed by the Council with a view to the acquisition of a portion of a tramway, and to issue a note of warning against the practice of indulging in ignorant denunciation of the Parliament of London.

In these days of wide suffrage and Radical ideas it is, I venture

to think, desirable on the score of prudence alone, if for no other reason, to avoid the use of hasty and ill-considered expressions of contempt for persons or institutions enjoying the confidence of the people. The English democracy is not savage or vindictive. Attempts made from time to time to stir up class hatred have, in the absence of unusual cause for irritation, met with no response. The working classes of London, like the working classes in other parts of the kingdom, gladly avail themselves of the services of gentlemen and of scholars, if only they possess broad sympathies and have taken the trouble to understand the drift of public opinion. There is, it is well known, no working-class member of Parliament better liked and better trusted by working men than Mr. Arthur Acland, and the success of Toynbee Hall and Oxford House is a proof that the kinship of the world may be no idle dream, if only the subject is approached on all sides with an earnest desire for its solution, and the various classes respect each other's prejudices, making due allowance for differences of opinion consequent upon the worship of the idols of the den and of the market-place. There never was, in the whole course of our history, a body of men whose proceedings were so well worth an attentive and respectful study as those of the London County Council. For there never yet has been, even in the House of Commons itself, a body of men who so accurately represented the wishes and aspirations of a great democracy on the social questions of the day.

In Parliamentary elections the result is dependent upon considerations of foreign and colonial policy, not unmixed with distracting questions of Imperial finance and the government of Ireland. But in County Council elections, social and domestic issues have the field to themselves. Local taxation, labour questions, the housing of the working classes, the maintenance of open spaces, and due provision for public recreation are some of the principal matters with which the vast population of London have called upon their representatives to deal. With such matters they do deal, carrying out loyally and to the best of their ability the promises they have made and the instructions given to them. It is idle to suppose that they will be deterred from their purpose by ignorant

clamour, but it is by no means unlikely that the scorn and ridicule with which they are assailed will be deeply resented by the constituencies, and create a feeling of class bitterness that cannot but be attended with unfortunate results. It is in a high degree offensive to hear a vacuous dandy who never tried to do a good day's work of any kind in his life, and finds quite enough to do in enduring the boredom of doing nothing, presume to employ the few stock phrases of fashionable slang at his command in abuse of the world's workers, while the indulgent laws of his country permit and even encourage him to live and fatten in idleness. Such men have their counterparts in the more humble ranks of life, counterparts who recruit the needy and squalid contingent of public-house loafers, and are, I understand, contemptuously known in our big towns as "street corner post polishers." The opinions of a man of this kind, though intrinsically worthless, may, if he be a person of wealth and position, do much harm, and Conservative statesmen, Conservative pressmen, and all others gifted with ordinary intelligence who encourage silly pleasantries and ignorant invective directed against the London County Council, incur grave responsibility. It really would seem as if the great Conservative party had in this matter taken seriously the playful *dictum* of Calverley, slightly altered from Gray, "that ignorance is bliss and wisdom consequently folly," with such a light heart, such reckless impetuosity, and in such blank ignorance do they proceed to throw mud at the Council. The resolution passed the other day to buy part of the undertaking of the London Street Tramways Company affords a good example of Conservative tactics, and is a fair specimen of the ingenuity with which, out of unpromising materials, a bitter outcry can be manufactured. The difficulty under which the Conservative Press laboured in getting up a grievance was in this instance considerable. The resolution complained of received much effective support from the Conservative side of the Council. Though the titular leader of that side declared against the resolution, only about a dozen or fifteen of his supporters rallied round him. The vote was far from being taken on strictly party lines, except that the Liberals went solid for the resolution: a phenomenon as uncommon in the Council as it is elsewhere. The full Council, when it started, numbered 137. The

disqualification of Miss Cobden and Miss Cons, who have been judicially declared to be still members, but are subject to heavy penalties if they vote, reduces the number available for voting purposes to 135, and making a further deduction in respect of vacancies not filled up and members on distant travels, the number is further reduced to less than 130. Out of this number 92 were present to support the resolution, and over 100 in all had pledged themselves in favour of it, being about 20 more than the whole Liberal party all told. It will be thus seen that the Conservative Press, in falling foul of the Council in this particular, are bespattering their own friends. When we find in the House of Commons, or any other assembly, a whole party voting solid in favour of a measure and the opposing party equally divided, a strong *primâ facie* presumption arises in favour of that measure, supported by a majority so large and so heterogeneous, and if the Conservative scribes had taken the ordinary precaution of examining the division list before rushing into print, they might have hesitated to apply to the flower of their own party the epithets hitherto reserved for their opponents.

The natural presumption in favour of the action of such an overwhelming majority of the Council is in this case abundantly justified. None of the stock Conservative cries were of any real avail in the controversy, though of course some were pressed into requisition for what they were worth. Shortly stated, the facts of the case were as follows. The Council, on the recommendation of the Highways Committee, was asked to exercise its statutory powers, under the sanction of the Board of Trade, to buy four and a-half miles of tramway, being that portion of the London Street Tramway Company's undertaking which was first opened for traffic. That portion is so situate that the remainder of the tramway system cannot be worked independently of it. The company was successful. Its dividends have lately ranged from 5 to 7 per cent., and the principal, if not the only question that suggested itself to our consideration, at all events to the consideration of the great majority of the Council, was whether the terms of purchase available were such as would be likely to render the proposed transaction a remunerative investment to the ratepayer. There

were no doubt some members who might have been tempted to vote for the purchase even at a loss to the ratepayer, with a view to making an experiment in the municipalisation of the tramways. To the great majority of us, however, this view was immaterial to the issue, because it appeared to us beyond all reasonable doubt that the statutory terms of purchase were exceedingly favourable to the ratepayers, where, as in the case before us, the line to be bought was a good dividend-paying concern.

Though there might possibly be reasons for buying the line even at a loss, the majority was quite unable to see any reason at all for not buying at a profit. The statute, we argued, enables us to buy on certain terms; if those terms are favourable to the ratepayers, can there be any reason why we should not take for their benefit the profit which the law enables us to claim? Indeed, we thought we should prove ourselves to be unfaithful stewards of the public money if we omitted to avail ourselves of an opportunity of making a good bargain for the ratepayers. That was the aspect in which the matter presented itself to our minds. There was no question at all about exceeding our powers, or meddling with what did not concern us. Those two favourite themes for Conservative eloquence were absolutely barred, for the Act in express terms contemplated and arranged for the purchase. Having taken our stand on the issue of profit or loss, it only remained for us to ascertain by the aid of the best legal advice, the effect and meaning of the statutory terms of purchase. These terms, being the terms upon which the London Street Tramway Company obtained their powers in 1870, are to be found in section 44 of their Act (33 and 34 Vict., cap. clxxi.), by which the Metropolitan Board of Works, and now the London County Council, are empowered "within six months after the expiration of twenty-one years from the passing of this Act, and within six months after the expiration of every subsequent period of seven years, to purchase the undertaking upon terms of paying the then value (exclusive of any allowance for past or future profits of the undertaking, or any compensation for compulsory sale, or other consideration whatsoever) of the tramway and all lands, buildings, works, materials and plant of the company, suitable to, and used by them for the pur-

poses of their undertaking, such value to be, in case of difference, determined by an engineer or other fit person nominated as referee by the Board of Trade on the application of either party."

It appeared to us and to our legal advisers that the effect of the words "exclusive of any allowance for past or future profits of the undertaking, or any compensation for compulsory sale, or other consideration whatsoever," would clearly enable us to buy the tramway in question (which was, as I have explained, paying a good dividend) upon very favourable terms, much below the market value of the fee simple of the line. It was true we should have to make the best terms we could for the joint working of the whole of their tram system now owned by the company; but inasmuch as the part of the system remaining in the hands of the company could not be conveniently worked except in conjunction with the part to be bought, we foresaw no difficulty in making equitable terms for the joint user of the whole system. The result of these investigations, as far as the great majority of the Council were concerned, settled the question. The bargain looked likely to be a very good one, and on reading the speech of Mr. Shaw Lefevre in 1870, when he introduced a public Bill containing a similar clause of purchase in the case of future tramways, it was evident that the clause was framed with the express object of giving the ratepayers a valuable reversion in tramway undertakings at the expiration of twenty-one years. This was enough for us. On the one simple and sufficient issue of profit or loss our minds were made up. We were in a position to buy a valuable property at a cheap rate. What we should do with it when we had got it was another matter, not, as we considered, calling at present for any decision. Finding, however, that some Conservatives who agreed with us as to the purchase were alarmed lest we should squander our inheritance in working the line ourselves, we passed a resolution affirming that we had no intention of taking such a course. It may be observed that the question of the Council itself working the tramways it acquires will not arise in subsequent purchases, for by the public Act of 1870 (which in this respect differs from the private Act under which we are moving) it is prohibited from so doing.

On the issue, then, of profit or loss we took our stand; a simple issue if ever there was one. But the gods themselves fight in vain against stupidity, and we found it was impossible to make our opponents even understand our position. They not only refused to agree with us that the question ought to be decided on that issue, but were unable to grasp the fact that on that issue we had taken our stand. The pertinacity with which they continued to misunderstand the whole drift of our contention was remarkable. After two debates of considerable length, the leader of the opposition to the purchase, Mr. Fardell, in reply to a suggestion of mine that his action in this matter was not conceived in the interests of economy, inasmuch as we had an opportunity of taking over the tramways "at a price far below their value in the market," wrote to the *Times* a letter containing the following passage: "I rejoice, indeed, to have forced the unintentional admission . . . that the tramways were to be taken over at 'a price far below their value in the market,' as this is quite sufficient justification in the course I have taken in opposing the scheme, which I always believed to be ill-conceived and unjust to the shareholders." Whether or not the London ratepayer will agree with Mr. Fardell that this justification is sufficient, the election in March will show. It is a strange thing that Mr. Fardell should have allowed himself to be cajoled into believing there is any injustice in calling upon the tramway companies to fulfil the obligation they have entered into in return for their original concession; but it is stranger to find that he should so long have remained in blank ignorance of the whole gist of our contention. It is not creditable to Mr. Fardell that he should have allowed two discussions on this important question to take place in the Council without caring to inform himself in any degree of the attitude assumed by the great majority of his colleagues; it is not creditable to him that the first discovery of the truth should have been borne in upon his mind through a chance communication in the columns of the *Times*. But for my letter, there is no reason to suppose that he, who is said to be the trusted adviser of the minority in the Council, would ever have had the most remote conception of the considerations that prompted the action of the majority. His Conservative colleagues never told him,

perhaps they did not know. Why should they pay any attention to Liberal arguments, particularly if there is no answer to them?

Here, again, "ignorance is bliss and wisdom consequently folly." The fact is that our Conservative critics on the Council, with, however, I am happy to say, many honourable exceptions, do not care, any more than our critics in the Press, to take the trouble to inform themselves as to the merits of the questions at issue. It saves them a deal of thought and bother to act on the principle that whatever we advocate must be wrong. In the case of the tramway purchase, the ignorance of the plain facts is phenomenal and not by any means confined to the Conservative party. Persons who assume the task of enlightening the public are themselves not unfrequently in total darkness. For instance, only the other day the *Times* published an article by their correspondent on the subject, in the course of which I was severely lectured for my folly in asserting, as before mentioned, that the statutory powers of purchase would enable the Council to buy certain tramways "at a price far below their value in the market." I was reminded that the terms of purchase were subject to the approval of the Board of Trade, and told that it was absurd to suppose that such a body would sanction any purchase except at a fair value. Without disputing the verbal accuracy of this proposition, I would suggest in reply that it will be the duty of the Board of Trade to see that the terms of the purchase are in accordance with the statutory provisions in that behalf. "Fair value" in this case means the value under the provisions of the Act, or, in other words, the value according to the terms of purchase originally agreed upon between the company and the Legislature as the consideration for the concession granted; terms that were certainly intended to be very favourable to the buyer, and will, I believe, be so construed. It was not to be expected that the bugbear of "confiscation" would not be trotted out, that good old bogey who has seen and survived such long service.

Mr. Fardell's cry of "Pity the poor shareholder" found for a time a sympathetic echo in the breasts of other Councillors, but on the occasion of the third and last debate our opponents executed a strategic movement in the face of the enemy and endeavoured

to enlist the sympathy of the Council, not on behalf of the poor shareholder but of the poor ratepayer. They became quite as much alarmed lest the ratepayer should get too little for his money as they had before been apprehensive lest he should get too much. Another argument was used that was not perhaps meant to be taken seriously. It was darkly hinted that it might possibly turn out that the limitations placed on the Council's powers of borrowing would prevent the purchase money from being raised. I believe the Council has ample powers to borrow whatever sum may be required, but, if not, Parliament could not refuse to come to the rescue. It would be bound to provide the necessary funds to carry into effect a statutory bargain. So much for the merits of the tramway purchase scheme; there remains something to be said upon the tactics employed to defeat the wishes of the majority, and to deprive the ratepayers of a substantial benefit secured to them by the Legislature. The statute under which the Council acted laid down a particular method of procedure for putting in force the powers of purchase. A special meeting of the Council must be called, of which a month's notice has to be given, and no resolution to put the Act in force is valid "unless two-thirds of the Council are present and vote at the meeting, and a majority of those present and voting concur in the resolution." The intention of the Legislature in requiring so large a *quorum* is perfectly clear. Both that provision and the previous one, as to notice, are inserted with the same object, namely, to prevent the possibility of so important a matter being decided by a snap vote. The wording of the provision as to the *quorum* is, however, not happy, and has supplied an unscrupulous opposition with a weapon it was never intended they should wield. The Act, in requiring a concurrence of a majority of those present and voting, contemplated the existence of a minority vote. The provision was drafted to meet the ordinary condition of things, namely a division of opinion in the Council, followed by a vote in which the respective strength of the contending views would be shown by the numbers respectively voting on the one side and the other. On this footing, if the division was close, the resolution might be passed by a little over one-third of the Council.

Had the Act contemplated the necessity of any larger vote in the majority nothing could have been easier than to say so.

It might have laid it down that a resolution to be valid must have the concurrence of a clear half or of a clear two-thirds of the Council, whereas what it did lay down was a rule under which it would be quite possible for a much smaller majority vote than one-half of the Council to carry the day. The minority, however, deliberately proceeded to drive a coach and four through the Act. They laid their plans so as not only to render abortive the special meeting, summoned at such long notice, and which many Councillors attended at grave personal inconvenience, but also to lengthen out by obstructive speeches the deliberations which they knew could have no practical result. They determined to be present at the discussion, but to withdraw at the division, as under the literal interpretation of the Act it would then be impossible for the resolution to be carried unless it were supported by two-thirds of the whole Council. This thoroughly discreditable manœuvre was twice effected with success amid the hisses of the spectators in the gallery, and on the third occasion, when the resolution was passed, the majority only just reached the required number. If Lord Rosebery had not thoughtfully exerted himself to put in an appearance for the first time since the death of Lady Rosebery, the shabby tactics of the opposition would once more have been crowned with success. The amusing part of the affair is that Mr. Fardell, having twice put his brother Councillors to the inconvenience of refusing other engagements to attend a meeting which he had taken good care should be able to decide nothing, and after having further taken care that on both occasions there should be a copious supply of eloquence in order that no circumstance of aggravation might be omitted, wrote to the *Times* to complain of the action of the majority in obtaining the chairman's consent to the application of the closure! Evidently Mr. Fardell is lacking in the sense of humour.

In giving this full and detailed account of the circumstances attending the recent vote on tramway purchase I fear I am laying myself open to the charge of prolixity. I thought it well, however, to thrash out the subject thoroughly in order to expose the utter

absurdity of the attack levelled against the Council. Perhaps some of my readers may even be of opinion that I have shown good reason for doubting the perfect wisdom and excellent judgment with which it is the fashion to credit the Conservative minority. If there should be any who think that, in the instance I have selected for examination, justice and good sense is on the side of the majority; if I have been in any degree successful in exposing the crass ignorance of the critics of the Council, I hope everyone who goes with me so far will pause before accepting as gospel any further legends that may be circulated in society or in the Press in disparagement of honest, capable and industrious public servants. To take part in the municipal government of London is no light task, and should not be lightly undertaken. Those who undertake the task and give up their whole life to it, as I know some of my colleagues do, deserve the utmost sympathy and encouragement. The Conservative Press, while deploring the dearth of ability in the Council, of the working of which they know nothing, is doing its best to make the position of Councillor intolerable, and to stir up class animosities which are now fortunately dormant. Instead of working pure mischief with a light heart, it would be much better if the leaders and scribes of the Constitutional party, as they like to hear it called, would make a serious study of that remarkable assembly which they affect to despise—an assembly that is the most perfect reflex of modern democratic sentiment that has yet been produced.

MONKSWELL.

THE LITERARY DRAMA.

AT the recent production of a new comedy by a well-known and highly popular dramatist his "first night" audience were presented by him with elegantly bound copies of the play which they had come to see. This, it is understood, was a new step forward in that movement which has been started with the object either of providing us, or—for it is not quite clear which *is* the object—of proving to us that we are already provided, with a "literary drama." One admits with pleasure that no member of his profession could more fittingly take the initiative in such a matter than Mr. Pinero. If literature and the drama have really been wedded, he is as likely as any living English playwright to have officiated at the ceremony. For Mr. Pinero is not only a highly ingenious and accomplished playwright, a master of theatrical *technique;* he excels also in the composition of neat and well-turned dialogue. Nobody with any feeling for artistic form could witness a representation of one of his happier farce-comedies without recognising in it, quite apart from its humours of character and situation, an unusual excellence of workmanship. However extravagant the improbability of its plot, however grotesque the incongruity of its incidents, one could not but admit that its "pen-work" from first to last was as careful and conscientious as if its author had been engaged upon a blank-verse tragedy in five acts. *Materiam superavit opus* is the judgment which most of these plays have invited, and it was natural, therefore, to desire an opportunity of examining the work of the artificer in the leisure of the library. Disappointing as the "book of the play" well nigh invariably proves, one could not but hope that *The Times* would figure as a distinguished exception.

Has this hope been fulfilled? And have we got our "literary

drama" at last? I fear not. *The Times* on the stage is a fairly good acting comedy of manners, and as such it has gained the approving verdict of the dramatic critics, and promises to secure a certain hold on popular favour. But one cannot honestly say that *The Times* in the study is good literature. One cannot say that the story, taken in the literary form, has reality, that the characters as presented to the imagination instead of the eye are, except in a few instances, true to life, that the dialogue as conveyed to the mind through the eye instead of the ear has likelihood and naturalness. In a word, one cannot say that it produces its intended artistic effect through its selected vehicle of printed paper. And not to be able to say this of *The Times* is obviously to be unable to say that *The Times* is good literature. That it in many places impresses the reader as being the presentation, in literary form, of a good acting play may be true enough; but that is a very different proposition. What that means is merely that the reader who happens to have an intelligent playgoer's appreciation and recollection of the methods of the theatre can discern the merits of Mr. Pinero's play beneath the defects of Mr. Pinero's book. "That stroke of verbal satire," he says to himself, "reads rather crude and violent; that page of dialogue strikes one as too intolerably extravagant to amuse. But give the harshly satirical line to that excellent comedian, Mr. Asterisk, and the highly coloured scene to Mr. Blank and Miss Dash, and I can quite believe that the effect would be artistically satisfactory. It is the wrong sort of handling for the study, where the picture is close to the eye; but it is the right sort for the theatre where we sit from three or four to ten or a dozen yards from the object with a row of blazing foot-lights between."

Yet if it *is* the wrong sort of handling for the study, what then? And what if the right sort of handling for the study must necessarily be—cannot of its very nature help being—the wrong sort of handling for the study? I confess that until this craze for literary drama first took possession of them, I had imagined that the proposition implied in this last question was maintained by no one more strenuously than by playwrights themselves. They were for ever holding forth to us on the *optique du théâtre*, for ever explaining to us why it

was that accomplished men of letters so rarely succeeded as dramatists, for ever assuring us that dramatic writing was an affair of broad effects, and that the subdued tones and delicate handling of literature were out of place on the stage. We thought it all very good sense at the time, and thoroughly agreed with it, and there is all the more ground therefore for the respectful surprise with which we see the scene painter dragging his "flats" into the library and insisting on our admiration of them as viewed in that apartment.

If this, however, is the gross inconsistency which it seems to be, one is confronted by the question, whether the literary drama itself—that new birth or that revival for which the public is being with such solemnity prepared—is anything more than a pleasing dream of the impossible, a radiant vision of the wedding of two incompatibles, a "revival" of something which never at any time existed, a birth of something which can never at any time come into being? What if, in a word, the truth of the matter should be this: that he who says "literary drama" says "picture-statue," says "flat-relief," says "miniature-fresco," or connects in a kind of centaurine union any other two mutually exclusive forms of art.

The answer will no doubt of course come back in a score of protesting voices:—Had the Greeks no literary drama? Is the Elizabethan, and above all the Shakespearean, drama not literary? Is there no literature in the *Way of the World* or in the *School for Scandal?* Were not Hugo and Augier and other departed dramatists, are not Dumas and Pailleron, and many of their contemporaries, distinguished Frenchmen of letters, and are not the best of their dramas regarded, not by their countrymen alone, but by all competent foreign critics also, as ornaments of the national literature?

To which my reply is, that with the solitary exception of the Greek drama—which, it is pretty clear from what we know of it, must have much rather resembled a modern opera or oratorio than a modern play—in not one of these instances is there any fusion of the literary and dramatic elements, but only the superposition of one upon the other; that not one of them proves anything more than that you can "butter" a drama with literature, just as you might hang a picture over a fresco, to the concealment of the

latter in a measure exactly proportioned to the display of the former. If the *poetry* of the Greek drama was, as it is certain that it must have been, the dramatic essence of that drama, that is because it is at least equally certain that the Greek drama was not drama at all in anything approaching to our modern sense of the word. It would be far more correctly described as a recitation with choral interludes—the recitation, it is true, of a connected narrative, but one which was continually interrupted by poetic digressions and in which no consistent effort was made to sustain the illusion of an unbroken consecution of events. The literary ingredient in these plays, therefore, may well have been—indeed, must certainly have been—the all-important one: it is as literature that they are what they are. But they are the only so-called plays of which this can be said. Of every other form of drama, or, in other words, of every drama as we moderns understand the term, it may, I hold, be in general terms affirmed, that though some of them may, and do, contain great literature, they are to the extent to which they are literary undramatic, and to the extent to which they are dramatic unliterary.

What! (I fancy I hear the actor exclaim) are the great passages of Shakespearean poetry undramatic, and is there no fine poetry in the most thrillingly dramatic scenes of Shakespearean tragedy? Has not Shakespeare, if none other, succeeded in welding the highest form of literature and the grandest type of drama into one homogeneous whole?

Well, it is a dangerous thing to indulge in dogmatic assertions as to what Shakespeare has not done or could not do. For Shakespeare, besides being a supreme poet, was also a man of great practical ability. Over and above his genius, he possessed talent, whatever M. Sardou may have said to the contrary, in a high degree. He was more likely than most men to succeed in anything that he undertook. I have no doubt that if he had stuck to what history or legend declares to have been his earliest occupation, he would have held horses better than any other man of his time. He must have had "business faculty," for he made money, though there was then no Incorporated Society of Authors. If he failed to make his mark as an actor, that was because of the distractions of his other employments as dramatist and manager; and, as a matter of fact, he did succeed

in making himself a very respectable playwright. But to compare his success in this branch of his triple vocation with his achievement as a poet would be quite absurd. It is to the interest of modern dramatists, bent on lending a look of substance to their air-drawn fancy of a literary drama, to exaggerate his performances as a playwright; but the long-standing practice of actors and managers rebukes their extravagance. Shakespeare was the author of thirty-six dramas, not reckoning *Pericles* and the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. How many of them are good acting plays—plays which will draw audiences—plays which would not "spell bankruptcy," if a manager were to put them on the stage and insist on keeping them in the bills? On the most liberal computation, eight. Three comedies, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*; four tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*; one history, *Richard III.* This is not to say, of course, that no others are ever seen on the stage. A manager who wishes to experiment in *féerie* or other forms of spectacle may "put up" the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *Antony and Cleopatra*. The popular attractions of a particular actress may give the public the opportunity of seeing the *Winter's Tale*. The exceptional powers of some spirited comedienne may avail to carry off the roaring farce first performed for the amusement of Christopher Sly. *Twelfth Night* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* have a few nights' run on an average about once in every decade. But the Shakespearean plays which can be said, properly speaking, to keep the stage are only eight in number. Eight out of thirty-six! Not a fourth of the whole! More than 75 per cent. of failures to less than 25 per cent. of successes! Compare such a record as this with that of, say, the late Mr. Dion Boucicault.

Surely it must be a little disconcerting to the believers in the literary drama to reflect that the most "literary" of all dramatists is far from being one of the most successful. But this is not all. A careful examination of his dramatic successes and of their causes will convince any unbiassed critic that their literary element, so far from contributing to their merits as good "acting plays," is in most cases mere dead weight and surplusage from the dramatic point of view, while in not a few instances it is an actual

impediment and drawback. We should, indeed, be prepared for this discovery by the observation that some of the most exquisitely poetic of the dramas, both in conception and execution—such, for example, as the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—belong to the category of the hopelessly unactable. But even in the most popular and effective of the acting plays, the superfluity, nay, often the positive incongruity of the great "literature" which they embalm, is painfully conspicuous. That Shakespeare had in him the makings of an accomplished playwright is probable. He had a capital eye for character. He knew a good story when he saw one, either in Saxo-Grammaticus, Plutarch, or anywhere else. He had a feeling for "situation"; he could on occasion arrange a picturesque tableau; and some of his "curtains" are worthy of a dramatist of the present day. But the rock on which he split was literature—was poetry. He never could forget that he was a poet, and, indeed, he actually seemed to think that he was a poet first and a playwright afterwards, than which no mistake could be more fatal. Poetry, impressive enough as literature, but dramatically speaking quite irrelevant, intrudes itself even into his most breathless and impassioned scenes of action.

Can it, for instance, be supposed for a moment that if Shakespeare could have submitted the murder scene in Macbeth to any competent stage manager of the present day it would have escaped "cutting"? One can imagine the satisfaction with which such a critic would have perused those half-dozen shuddering sentences gasped out by the guilty pair when Macbeth emerges from the bedchamber of the murdered king. But what would be his feelings on coming across that admired piece of literature which follows? Here is the first passage:—

MACB. I have done the deed! Didst thou not hear a noise?
LADY M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did you not speak?
MACB. When?
LADY M. Now.
MACB. As I descended?
LADY M. Ay!
MACB. Hark! Who lies in the second chamber?
LADY M. Donalbain.

"Capital! capital!" exclaims the stage manager. "That will fetch 'em! Beget 'an awful attention among the audience,' eh? like the clock striking in *The Critic*. But, I say, I say—what's all this?"

> Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
> Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast—
> LADY M. What do you mean?

"What, indeed? You may well ask, my lady. It's all very good stuff in its way, I daresay, but this is not the place for it. It's unnatural, it delays the action. It must come out, my boy. Sorry to hurt your feelings, but it must come out." Slash! would have gone the managerial pencil through the passage, and the literary drama would have been the poorer by the loss of the great Shakespearean apostrophe to sleep.

But, after all, would not the manager have been right and the pencil well directed? The passage is great literature, but is it great drama? Surely there can be but one answer to this question, and but one explanation of the necessity of giving it. The illusion of the scene is weakened and not strengthened by the famous apostrophe, and the apostrophe has found its way into the scene because the afflatus of the poet has swept the instinct of the dramatist like a feather out of its path. It is not Macbeth speaking, but Shakespeare, and with a disregard of propriety as sublime as the poetry which he pours forth. Its absolute dramatic inappropriateness when one comes to analyse it is positively monumental. It is a tolerably large demand upon our powers of making-believe to require us to accept the notion of *any* man extemporising this marvellous series of metaphors. But a barbarous Scotch chieftain of the eleventh century! And a barbarous Scotch chieftain in a state of terrible agitation over a newly-perpetrated murder!

It may be said, perhaps, that the imaginative fervour of the passage invests it with a sort of higher ideal fitness for the place in which it occurs, and that the poetic emotion of the lines interchanges readily enough with the dramatic passion of the scene.

And so, perhaps, it would or might if Shakespearean drama were to be treated, as it probably never has been systematically treated, and as it is nowadays never treated at all, except by some occasional "barn-stormer," who, with little notion of acting, happens to possess some rough elocutionary power, and whose imperfect performance is, to one's surprise, lifted into the tolerable and even at moments into the impressive by sheer force of the noble poetry which he declaims. That is to say, the Shakespearean drama, in so far as it is poetic and undramatic, might be made quasi-dramatic by being treated not as drama in the modern sense of the word at all, but as a mixture of action and recitation, governed by conventions of its own. Macbeth's apostrophe to sleep is truly not more undramatic, not more "off the matter," than an operatic solo sung by any murderer at any similar crisis. There might be a "convention" of the poetic, as there is a convention of the lyrical, drama. As a matter of fact, the critical spectator of a Shakespearean play unconsciously creates his own poetic convention, and he could construct a much more adequate and satisfying one than he does if the actor would only help him. But the actor won't. In these days he is realistic or he is nothing. He has no notion of "slowing down the engines," so to speak, in the murder scene, so as to allow Macbeth to recover a little of his composure before he begins to moralise. No! that would be to weaken the intense realism of his impersonator's "powerful and terribly impressive rendering of, &c., &c." (see dramatic criticisms, *passim*), and the actor accordingly gasps out the observation that "sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," that it is "the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath," and so forth, with the same hurried accents and in the same agitated tone that he might have used in describing the ghastly particulars of the murder. To the literary sensibilities the effect of this method of delivering the passage is distressing to the last degree; but I have not the least doubt that, from the dramatic point of view, it is perfectly correct, or, at any rate, that it is as near correctness as you can get without cutting out the passage altogether. No doubt the actor who so renders it thoroughly understands his business; only, if so, it does but make it the more clear that his business is something wholly different from that of the poet. And since he

thus shows that when literature does by chance intrude itself into a play, his dramatic instinct compels him to make it appear as little like literature as possible, one cannot help asking, why this extraordinary yearning for a literary drama?

It may be objected that the case above cited is exceptional, but that is not so. It is an extreme case, and was selected for that reason, but it is not an exceptional one. Upon an examination of the most admired poetic passages in Shakespeare it would be found, I make bold to say, that the large majority of them are splendidly undramatic, either in the sense of being obstructive of the movement of the play, or unsuited to the emotion of the scene, or foreign to the mood or temperament of the character in whose mouth they are placed. Is the Queen Mab speech dramatic? or Jaques's descant on the "Seven Ages of Man"? Would the news of Lady Macbeth's death have drawn from the moody and desperate tyrant at bay before his enemies the reflection that "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day," and that "life's but a shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage"?

It is not necessary to pursue the inquiry over the whole range of the Elizabethan drama. What has been here said of Shakespeare may be said with much more emphasis of his contemporaries, because although even the greatest of them failed to approach him in poetic genius, they were also no less inferior to him in the technical capacities of the playwright. The era in which these men flourished was a great literary age, one of the two great literary ages of England, one of the four or five great literary ages of the world. And they have left behind them scarce a single actable, or, at any rate, a single acted play!

Again, if we run over the later names of the few eminent English men of letters who have written for the stage we shall find the same thing. Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan are all three of them entitled to rank as personages in English literature. Yet the plays of the first have disappeared, and not through the change of manners alone, from the stage, while the one surviving comedy of the second, and the two surviving comedies of the third, have owed their preservation,

not to their literary merits, great as these unquestionably are, but to their humours of character and situation and their ingenuity of intrigue. The inventor of the happy mystifications of *She Stoops to Conquer* has not succeeded in retaining a posthumous audience for *The Good Natured Man*, and the author of *The Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* would in vain have imparted their unequalled brilliancy to those remarkable productions if the jewels of his wit and fancy had not glittered in the solid setting of a well-compacted plot. The one fault, indeed, which a strict dramatic criticism has through a series of generations objected to in the latter of these two plays, is that it is too literary, that Sheridan puts his wit, as Shakespeare does his poetry, into inappropriate mouths, and that the one epigrammatises, as the other rhapsodises, on unsuitable occasions. The artificial character of Sheridanian comedy, like the romantic style of the Shakespearean drama, avails to carry off its excess of "literature," but to-day we are neither romantic nor artificial, and it is, nevertheless, to-day that the demand for the literary element in drama is loudest and most importunate.

How profound is the inconsistency of those who give chief utterance to it the contemporary dramatist is not long in discovering. His first adventure in the cultivation of irrelevant brilliancy is pretty sure to bring upon him the censure of the critics, by whom he will be promptly told that his highly polished dialogues are untrue to the "language of real life," and do not "advance the action" of the play. But is there anything in common between literature itself and that "bald disjointed chat" which is the language of real life, or is it common for action in real life to be advanced by language at all? The realism for which, in all its favourite works of art, the present generation craves is a quality barely to be obtained even in the novel, except by the sacrifice of a good many of the constituents of genuine "literature," and in the drama it is only possible of attainment by the sacrifice of them all.

Seeing, however, that the public seem very well content to do without them, we may well ask whence arises this new-born but overmastering desire for their recovery? Why have our dramatists been seized with this sudden yearning to be, or to be recognised as, literary? Why do they talk and write as if it were the one sorrow

of their lives that the English drama no longer takes rank as a branch of English literature, and the one object of their lives to restore it to that proud position? The desire is obviously a disinterested one. It must manifestly have its origin in the principle of art for art's sake, because, to put a delicate matter somewhat bluntly, the drama, be it literary or unliterary, pays them very well as it is. There never was a time when the successful playwright, if he has to dispense with the empty praise of the few, received so handsome a compensation of solid pudding from the many as he does to-day. Times have changed for him with the multiplication of Board schools and readers of *Tit-Bits*, and with the largely increased facilities of Metropolitan railway communication. His audiences have grown a hundredfold, and his profits have increased in proportion. Literature, it is true, has also shared in the benefit of modern progress, but to an extent which is by comparison infinitesimal. We read nowadays in the "society journals" that "Mr. Shows's returns from his new farcical comedy will run, it is said, into five figures." Milton's returns from *Paradise Lost*—a work still accounted of some literary merit, and included in many lists of The Hundred Best Books—are also recorded to have run into five figures; but the figures were in his case arranged vertically instead of horizontally, and each of them stood for one pound sterling. The disparity, I again admit, between the profits of literature and the drama is not so great in these days; but the contemporary man of letters, in so far as he is also a man of business (which is believed by the Incorporated Society of Authors to be not far), may still be excused for envying the contemporary dramatist.

It must therefore be due, as has been said, to a disinterested love of art for art's sake, or, at any rate, to the "clear spur" of an ambition for artistic renown, if we find that it is the dramatist who is to-day apparently envious of the man of letters. One may—indeed, one must—sympathise with this honourable spirit of emulation; but, after all, it is necessary to remind those whom it animates that they cannot, to use a homely idiom, expect to "have it both ways." Even if there be not, as Mr. Grant Allen holds, a perfect glut of unrecognised literary genius among us, we

have unquestionably many living writers of no inconsiderable talent who are working, well content with far from considerable profits, for such slender fame as they can earn from the world, and such ampler reward as they can obtain from the satisfaction of their own artistic impulses. They have learned to reflect with a reasonable amount of philosophy on the lot of Mr. Shows with his "five figures," and they do not "strive or cry" against the ineptitude of a public which refuses to regard them as worthy of the same munificent treatment. They are content with the honour of producing literature, and do not ask also for the privilege of amassing large fortunes. If they console themselves by thinking that their own art is a higher one than that by which these large fortunes are amassed, it seems a little hard to grudge them that consolation. Yet it would appear that the fortune-makers—actuated, of course, by pure artistic ambition—cannot themselves be satisfied with the apportionments of Fate. They enjoy the profits of the lower art, but nothing will satisfy them but to share the honours of the higher art as well.

There is a well-known anecdote in the Life of Johnson, wherein is related by Boswell of Goldsmith, that once at the exhibition of the *fantoccini* in London, "when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed, with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I could do better myself.'" The story is introduced in the Life of Johnson by the explanatory remark that "those who were any way distinguished excited envy" in Goldsmith "to so ridiculous an extent that the instances of it are hardly credible." Assuredly, the instance above quoted answers to that description—at least if we suppose that the exclamation, which has a suspicious flavour of the premeditated Irish bull about it, was seriously uttered. If it were so, it is undoubtedly a droll illustration not only of the "excess" in which the passion of envy may be indulged by some minds, but of the extraordinary comprehensiveness of its scope. It was not enough for Goldsmith (according to Boswell's theory of his mood) to have won fame as a pleasing poet, and as one of the most delightful of humorists. An audience ignorant or regardless of his presence were gazing in

rapt attention at a puppet show, and as the marionette tossed its pike amid the applause of the spectators, the triumphs of the *Deserted Village* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* turned to dust and ashes in his mouth. Surely, he thought, if that was all the puppets could do there was no reason why the spectators should not be cheering *him*. He could not only write better than the doll, but he felt sure that if put to it he could toss a pike more naturally. After the performance he went home, as we are told, to supper with Mr. Burke, and "broke his shin in attempting to show the company how much more nimbly he could jump over a stick than the puppets." But I daresay this mishap did little to shake his confidence, and no doubt he went to bed as convinced as ever that he was a better man than any of them.

Later born and humbler practitioners of the art, in which Goldsmith wrought to such perfection, must, of course, regret this weakness of his. He ought to have felt content with being an exquisite and admired writer, and should not have boasted that he could also toss a pike better than a marionette. Even if his spirit of rivalry had been excited, not by the *fantoccini*, but by their master, and he had boasted himself superior to that artist in the manipulation of puppets, the flourish would still have been an unworthy one. It was a greater distinction after all to have written the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Yet if Goldsmith ought to have been content with his excellence in the art which he himself practised, so ought the man with the puppets. That favourite of the public—against whom we know nothing, and whose feelings, whatever they were, there was no Boswell to report—was satisfied, let us hope, with the consciousness of his mechanical skill and the contemplation of his takings. He was not, it is to be presumed, disturbed with envy by the sight of the poet and essayist among the spectators; nor did he feel moved to assert, when he thought of Goldsmith's literary work, that he could do it better himself; still less that, in spite of all prejudices to the contrary, the skilful construction and management of marionettes was in itself literature—or as good.

H. D. TRAILL.

MONASTERIES OF THE LEVANT REVISITED.

MORE than half a century ago my relative and namesake, Robert Curzon, afterwards Lord Zouche, made those adventurous travels in the Eastern parts of the Mediterranean which he afterwards described in his delightful book, called the *Monasteries of the Levant*—a work which enjoys the distinction, so rare amid writings of the kind, not merely of surviving, but of remaining an authority upon its subject, over fifty years after it was written. As a boy I used to think that there must be something very grim and sombre in the contents of a volume with such a title. Austere monks and faded manuscripts passed in gloomy procession before my dismayed imagination. Nor was the impression alleviated by my childish recollection of the author, who in later life sometimes stayed at my home, and whom I still recall as an old gentleman in a long-tailed coat, habitually perched at the top of a ladder in a dim and dusty library. From this, as I then thought, unaccountable taste, I inferred that the book must be even more appalling than I had pictured it; and it was not till later days, when people began to ask me if I was a son or relative of the man who had written a fascinating work about monasteries, that, rather as a duty than a pleasure, I first opened its pages. But then how great was my surprise! In place of the dull monks and duller manuscripts, I found a wealth of incident sufficient to satisfy the gluttonous appetite of a school-boy; information which might instruct the student; and a sense of humour, keen yet never abandoned.

Accident placed it in my power not long ago to visit the Holy Mountain, and to compare my own experience with what Robert Curzon saw fifty years before. The place itself is so

romantic, and even in these pitiless days of steam and rail, so comparatively remote; and the advance of time, which for hundreds of years left almost unscathed the archaic communities that inhabit it, is already beginning to inflict such sad and irreparable wounds upon their external features, that I may, perhaps, be permitted to add my humble contribution to their share in the literature of travel, even though such excellent accounts of their more modern aspect exist as those of Tozer, Riley, and Bent.

It was after threading the poetic Vale of Tempe, that "long divine Peneian pass," along the banks of the coffee-coloured Peneus, and below the sister heights of Olympus and Ossa and Pelion, that we embarked on board our vessel and started for our destination. Pallene, the nearest of the three prongs which project tridentwise from Chalcidice into the sea, lay right opposite, the low land in the middle of the peninsula giving its loftier extremity the appearance of an island. Over this gap, quiveringly outlined against the sky, stood up the tremendous pyramid of Athos, symmetrical and solemn. As we steamed further out to sea, the true relative proportions of the mountain trinity that we had left behind became revealed. Far away to the south the white spire of Mount Delphin Eubœa glimmered like a shrouded ghost against the horizon. Passing the wooded but uninteresting hills of southernmost Pallene, we put into the tiny harbour of Koupho, snugly concealed in the coast line of the second prong, Sithonia, and early the next morning cast anchor in the little roadstead of Daphne, on the western side of Athos, whose great peak, craggy and twin-pointed, like the teeth of a saw, soared into the sky, while all its lower quarters, from the shoulders downwards, were wrapped in a mantle of the most sumptuous green.

Though I had both read and knew something of Mount Athos, I yet never recollect a case in which I have found the discrepancy between imagination and reality more startling. I had pictured to myself a lofty and more or less precipitous cone, rising in abrupt isolation from the sea, with the monastic retreats perched like wild birds' nests here and there upon its flanks, but all clustered within the circumference of the single peak. Instead, I found a long and narrow and hilly promontory,

projecting for forty miles into the sea, covered with the most exquisite sylvan verdure from end to end and interspersed throughout this distance and on both faces with lovely valleys and enchanting glens, where, at points of vantage, on rocks or on the sea shore, had been planted the monastic buildings. These, moreover, so far from presenting an appearance of ascetic humility, or remoteness, or straitened circumstance, resembled rather great baronial castles, with battlemented walls and towers, covering wide spaces of ground, and suggesting less the peaceful though sterile routine of conventual existence than the armed splendour of feudal chivalry. The smaller of these monasteries, crowning the summits of wave-washed crags, would recall the fortress of some turbulent baron of the Middle Ages, successfully defying the power of Emperor or of Pope. The larger resembled walled towns, or the fortified palace of some great prince, whose hundreds of retainers might be quartered in the courts and quadrangles below the royal keep. At the seaward extremity of the long and lovely ridge thus beautified by nature and adorned by man rises, to more than three times its height, viz., to 6,350 feet, the peak of Athos proper, so familiar an object from pictures, so dread a scare to the ancient mariner, who scented peril and death in its cruel crags and stormy gales. Not more than four or five of the monasteries are built upon the peak of Athos, and these in situations near to the sea, the remainder of the total of twenty being scattered over fifty miles of coast line on either side of the long promontory. Such, roughly speaking, is the panoramic aspect of Mount Athos.

Founded from the days of Constantine the Great onwards, these monasteries represent the several branches and nationalities of the Greek Church—Russians, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Caucasians, &c., and are independent and self-governed, a synod, composed of their respective Hegoumenoi or abbots, meeting in weekly session at the small inland town of Karyes, to regulate common questions of jurisdiction, estates, and the like. The Ottoman Government is represented by a governor at the last-named place, and by fezzed officials of the gendarme type at each monastery or monastic landing-place, who popped up everywhere, and displayed a quite unaccountable eagerness in taking down the names of the yacht,

its captain, ourselves, our starting point and destination, and any details that the most persistent cross-examination could elicit.

Of the twenty monasteries the traveller, who has not, at least, a fortnight at his disposal, cannot expect to visit more than a certain proportion, although, as the majority of them are situated within easy access of the sea, the possession of a yacht causes a great saving of time in moving from one to the other.

From the landing-place in the little bay of Daphne we climbed up the hill by a kind of paved causeway to the monastery of Xeros Potamos, so called from a dry torrent-bed furrowing a picturesque gully to the right. This was the monastery where my relative had fixed his headquarters in 1834, and whence he had conducted his exploration of the peninsula. It is about 1,000 years old, but has suffered severely in war and revolution, and several of its restored buildings are of quite recent date. Entering the gateway, over which is sculptured in white marble the peacock crest of St. Andronicus, we found ourselves in a paved courtyard about fifty yards square, in which, after the invariable fashion of these monasteries, the principal church, a Byzantine structure in brick and stone, stands in the middle, while a marble basin for holy water, under a painted dome, and surrounded by a marble balustrade, is placed just outside. The loggia, or porch to the church, contained the usual frescoes of inconceivable devils, suffering martyrs, and triumphant but dour-visaged saints, among whom St. Demetrius spearing his prostrate foe, and forty famous martyrs who appear to have been first drowned, then decapitated, then cut into pieces, and finally burnt, are the most conspicuous. The interior of this church contains a very richly-gilded iconostasis or altar-screen, and we were shown a small MS. of the Gospels, superbly bound in silver gilt. Above the loggia is the library, where the books and MSS. are now neatly stored in cases with glass doors. A French translation of the Decameron of Boccacio, and a modern guide-book to Paris, seemed to indicate that the holy fathers found time to vary the austerity of conventual discipline with occasional dips into lighter life. The refectory is also of the stereotyped order, shaped like the upper limbs of a cross with an apse at the further end or high table. Here is depicted in fresco the Last Supper, and

full-length saints of lugubrious aspect, with terrific beards, adorn the walls with a sort of grim splendour. A projecting pulpit is also an invariable feature, occupied at meal times by a deacon, who reads passages from the Scriptures, so that even when giving necessary sustenance to the body the banqueters may not forget the superior requirements of the soul.

Around the principal court are three storeys of dwellings, built of red bricks in patterns, and in some cases adorned with arcades. A clock tower contains a big clock with the date 1774, and a diabolical-looking stuffed figure standing by its side, who wields a hammer, but plays no part in the striking. The monastery now contains eighty admitted monks and forty probationers, and Merianthus is the name of its Hegoumenos.

By this reverend signor we were shown a cell where the monastic tailor was busily occupied with a sewing machine, and which contained also a plank bed and mattress, and a wooden cupboard; and by him, too, we were conducted to the guest-chamber, which in all these monasteries, is a room on the topmost storey with a balcony facing the sea, and fitted all round with a divan. Here the visitor takes his seat, exchanges compliments, signs the strangers' book, and consumes an incalculable amount of mastic or of anisette, of jam, and coffee—hospitalities which are proffered with a suave regularity, and cannot with politeness be refused. Every monastery further contains several sleeping-rooms for guests, very often neatly furnished with an iron bedstead, a table, and a chair.

Adorned with roses presented to us by the monks, and mounted on mules which they also willingly lent, we next bent our way to the great Russian monastery variously called Russicon and St. Pantaleemon, situated above the sea about forty minutes to the north. I can scarcely describe the beauty of this, as of all the walks or rides that we took upon the Holy Mountain. Its sides are covered with thickets of the richest and most varied vegetation, the products of antagonistic climes appearing to find equal satisfaction and sustenance on this amazing soil. The mule-tracks or paved causeways that lead from one monastery to another pass through continual glades of trees or flowering shrubs, plane

tree and pine tree, oak, poplar, olive, cypress, and myrtle. There, too, are arbutus and berberis, cytisus and bay, wild spurge and azalea, and everywhere the pale bloom of the asphodel, the white and pink of the cystos, and the overwhelming lilac of the Judas tree.

I was extremely anxious to see the Russian monastery, having heard much of its strangely unmonastic character, and of the political designs which it was supposed both to exemplify and perhaps in the future more directly to promote. From a distance at sea we had observed its vast and pretentious buildings, the green cupolas and glittering balls and crosses of its churches, and the huge, factory-like stone structures with red roofs that line the water's edge. As we drew near the precincts we passed through what was no more nor less than a busy Russian village agog with industry and work. Immense stacks of timber were stored in warehouses, heaps of iron girders and even iron rails littered the ground, several forges were radiating a white heat, and scores of workmen, who looked as little like monks as a private of the Salvation Army looks like a Grenadier, were engaged in manifold forms of toil. There were said already to be in the monastery eight hundred monks, and one hundred probationers, with three hundred attendants in addition, making a total of twelve hundred men in the establishment—a sufficient contrast to the one hundred and thirty chronicled by my namesake in 1834. And yet the total has probably by now been greatly increased, if the immense building on the shore, six storeys high, and capable of accommodating several hundred persons, the floors of which were just being put in, was designed for further inmates. In the vaults below the monastery there are reported to be concealed large stores of rifles and ammunition. A great many of the monks whom I saw looked far better suited to shoulder a musket than to wear the cowl; and the entire establishment bore the appearance not of a retreat of pious-minded persons fleeing from the temptations of a wicked world, but of an enterprising colony bent upon aggravating its territories and providing itself with stores, depôts, and all the necessary furniture of temporal aggrandisement. A ship was even being built in the small harbour, where also a steamboat was lying.

In the pursuit of these aims the Russian monks have filched a good deal of land from their neighbours, with the result of great discord and even bloodshed. But here, as elsewhere, the Russians appear to conduct matters with an independent hand, and to treat with some indifference the protests or the scruples of their neighbours.

I do not think that the Russians were well pleased to see an English party, and the Hegoumenos Andreas failed to put in an appearance, being variously reported as engaged in prayer and as indisposed. The monastery contains four churches, of which the principal is a large building in the main court, containing a great deal of gilding and many silver-gilt and jewelled icons, while the newest is constructed in the topmost storey of the principal wing The refectory is a long room shaped like a Greek capital Gamma, in the upper branch of which is a large blue fresco of Christ walking upon the waves. Rows of tables were laid out for the midday meal, and a man might fare worse than as a disciple of St. Pantaleemon, seeing that to every two monks were apportioned a bowl swimming with a concoction of vinegar, water, onions, cucumber, and lettuce, and a bottle of red wine, as well as plates of prunes, great slices of brown bread, a wooden spoon, and a knife and fork for each, actually rolled up in a napkin. The monks seemed of a much younger and lustier type than those we had seen at the other monasteries. We were shown the library, which was well equipped and fitted in the most modern style, besides having an excellent catalogue; the visitors' quarters, which were exceptionally extensive and commodious; and the reception room, which was an immense apartment, hung with portraits of the Russian and Greek royal families, and with the photographs of eminent ecclesiastics, among whom figured the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Not even the dainties, however, with which we were here regaled could blind our eyes as to the character of the whole institution; and in taking leave of it I cannot help wondering how soon the Russicon Monastery will be heard of in the drama of European statecraft.

Embarking in the yacht, we now sailed round the great Peak of Athos, passing on the way the monastery of Simopetra, superbly situated at the top of a crag several hundred feet above the sea,

and connected with the mainland by an aqueduct of two rows of arches. Its projecting balconies—a common feature in all these monasteries—and its majestic position, gave it a most picturesque and impressive appearance, though I fear that my excellent relative must have filled in the greater part of his somewhat imaginative sketch of it after his return home. I have since read in the papers that this monastery has been destroyed by fire. Past Simopetra, past St. Nicholas, St. Dionysius, and St. Gregorius, situated at greater or less heights above the sea, but all of them quaint and beautiful; past the grey craggy peak with small hermit huts clinging to its narrow ledges, with its mighty base confronting the waters, and its naked crest dividing the skies; round the south-east corner, and up the eastern coast we glided, till presently, lowering a boat, we pulled into a little cove where a small brig was lying, and which we believed to be the landing place for the famous monastery of Lavra. We toiled up a steep ascent to a somewhat sombre and inferior-looking monastery, only to find that we had come to the wrong place, and to see at some distance on the right the battlements and towers of the real Lavra crowning a hill above the sea. A lovely walk of three-quarters of an hour brought us to the monastery gates, where we were welcomed by the Hegoumenos, an old gentleman of stately manners and great urbanity. Lavra was once the largest and wealthiest of all the monasteries of Athos; but in war and revolution it has lost much of its external property and endowment, and now only contains one hundred and twenty monks. Its crenelated rampart, its lofty walls, and its watch towers give it the appearance of a fortified town, and it is recorded that it was once defended by cannon.

Entering by the glass-covered porch, we passed through the great gateway, and found ourselves in a courtyard which contained a curious but happy jumble of churches, and shrines, and marble fonts, and wooden balconies, and tiled roofs, and coloured walls, and irregular staircases, and incongruous towers. From the hieron or holy place behind the iconostasis in the main Church the Hegoumenos brought out the most cherished possession of Lavra, a fragment of the true Cross set in a

priceless reliquary of pure gold and studded with diamonds and jewels, which was originally presented by the Imperial founder, Nicephorus. Almost all the monasteries on Mount Athos possess fragments of the true Cross similarly encased, and authenticated by irreproachable documents. A beautiful dado of Damascene or Rhodian tiles adorns two of the transepts of this church; and the floor is paved with marble and mosaic patterns, as ancient and uneven as that of St. Mark's at Venice. The library of Lavra is contained behind glass cases in two apartments, one for the MSS., the other for the bound books. Here we saw the early illustrated MS. on Botany mentioned by Robert Curzon, and a New Testament that once belonged to the Emperor Alexius. In the cruciform refectory we observed an arrangement also presented at Vatopedion, viz., the horseshoe-shaped marble tables, with their bases fronting outwards, and with grooves indented in the marble tops for the running off of water. There were twenty-one of these tables, principally of the same shape, with wooden benches round them. In the right transept is depicted the death of St. Athanasius, not the familiar father of that name, but a pious hermit who retired hither in the tenth century. Here also is depicted St. Ignatius Theophoros being torn in the arena by lions; one of these animals has decisively closed its upper and lower jaw upon the saint's right shoulder, but the holy man has just sent the other spinning. It was with regret that we bade adieu to the holy fathers of Lavra and descended by a steep path to the harbour of the monastery, a tiny little cove protected by a wall and a bold Byzantine tower, which seemed to be better suited to feudal warfare or a corsair's stronghold than to the retreat of harmless piety and grey-haired innocence.

In a quiet and beautiful bay, facing towards the north-east, stands upon a slope above the seashore the magnificent monastery of Vatopedion, now the largest, the most richly appointed, and the best preserved of all the Greek establishments. Seawards it presents a most striking appearance, being as large as a small town. From terraces of vineyards and orchards rise its lofty white walls with double balconies, its moss-tiled roofs, and immense keep.

None of the monasteries, inside or outside, suggests so fair an idea of what the larger monasteries must have been in the ante-Tudor days in England.

In the gateway we were received by the secretary in the absence of the Hegoumenos, and were conducted as usual to the main church. It stands in the big quadrangle, which is one of the most picturesque places that I ever saw. Situated on the hill-slope, it is paved with grass-grown stones and surrounded by a medley of buildings, painted blue and white and chocolate colour, with a big stone belfry tower, and many staircases, domes, and kiosques. Outside the church is an immense marble font, the canopy of which is supported by a double row of marble pillars. In the outer portico are three fine Byzantine mosaics of the same style as those at Ravenna and St. Mark's. A semi-circular panel over the door depicts Christ, the Virgin, and St. John, and there are oblong panels on either side. In a corner stands a picture of the six emperors who were the chief benefactors of Vatopedion, the middle and most prominent place being assigned to Theodosius the Great and Cantacuzene. The interior of the church is the most resplendent that I saw on Athos. The painted walls and domes, the floor of tesselated marble and mosaic, the rich red gilding of the altar screen, the glass-framed and flashing icons, the inlaid lecterns and doors, and the superb brocade hangings give an impression of devotional splendour hard to equal. The treasures of the hieron were eagerly displayed to us by the holy fathers, who were delightfully proud of their possessions. From cupboards containing silver shrines and reliquaries, painted icons, and silver censers without number, were especially extracted the head of St. John Chrysostom and the Girdle of the Virgin Mary, which it appears that St. Thomas, having missed his opportunity in the lower world, was despatched to Heaven to fetch. Here, too, was standing an old English grandfather clock, bearing the superscription, M. Dexter, London. There are twenty-three churches or chapels in all within the walls of Vatopedion; and the present establishment consists of 180 monks and thirty probationers, making with the attendants a total of 250. We were shown in due course the library, kept in admirable order, the hospital fitted with large clean bedsteads, the apothecary's shop,

the private apartment of the secretary, which might have been the rooms of a somewhat austere Oxford don, and the refectory, restored at the end of the last century, and fitted with thirty large marble tables like those at Lavra. The corridors were broad, stone-paved, and scrupulously clean; and everything bore the air of good management and comfort. The visitors' book, which had been kept for thirty years, contained many English names, including the officers of two British men-of-war. The monks who escorted us were men of high culture and courtly manners, speaking Italian, and understanding French and German; and Vatopedion in every respect appeared to present us with an image of monastic life at its best and purest such as probably can now be seen nowhere else in Europe.

Outside the monastery lies the graveyard, overgrown with wild flowers and studded with small wooden crosses. Its restricted space is rendered ample for the demands made upon it, by the custom of burying the bodies without coffins and of exhuming what remains after the lapse of three years, when the skulls and bones are collected and added to a now formidable heap in a vault beneath the mortuary chapel. On a hill near Vatopedion stand up the roofless and windowless walls of a college which was once founded here in connection with the monastery, but which was deserted after the War of Independence, and has since crumbled into picturesque ruin.

Pantocrator, or the Monastery of the Almighty, situated upon a rock above the sea, but less romantic than its neighbour, the stately Stauronicates, was one of the smaller monasteries which we visited. From here we undertook a most pleasant excursion of an hour and a quarter on muleback to Karyes, which is situated on the eastern side of the spinal ridge of Athos, commanding a glorious view of the wooded declivities sloping to the blue sea, of the island of Imbros right opposite, and seemingly only twenty miles distant instead of seventy, and of the jagged peaks of Samothrace further to the north. The road which we pursued wound through scenery such as I have already described; and in the Elysian valleys between the hills were scattered smiling cottages and farmhouses, orchards, vineyards, and arable plots. Unceasing

music was in the air, and an eternal summer suffused the scene with soft radiance.

Karyes is a big little town, its main street bright with shops where all the necessaries of life are offered for sale. It is the universal provider of the peninsula, and there is scarcely a commodity that cannot be bought there, from leather boots to tinned sardines. Flocks of sheep and goats are driven in from the mainland, and large boxes of hens' eggs hail from the same quarter, the exclusion of the female sex being rigidly applied to all members of the animal world whose entry to Athos is capable of detection. We kept a sharp look out everywhere for female cats or dogs; but I am bound to say that we detected not the slightest infringement of this gruesome rule.

After paying our respects to the Turkish Governor of Karyes, who was fat, talkative, and quite unable to understand why we should dishonour the town with a stay of anything less than several days, we visited the old church—the most ancient in Athos—whose structural design and flat terraced roof recall the Early Christian basilica; and the council chamber of the Synod, which we were disappointed to find a very ordinary apartment with a divan running round it, and a table for the secretary. One or two of the Hegoumenoi were already in Karyes for an approaching meeting; and the abbot of the Iberon, a noble old gentleman, with aquiline features and Aaronic beard, whom Rembrandt would at once have enlisted as a sitter, was the most splendid figure that we saw on the peninsula.

An hour's walk brought us down to the sea again, to the imposing buildings of the Iberon, so-called because its recruits are gathered from the Georgian district and Caucasia, formerly known as Iberia, lying between the Black and Caspian Seas. This monastery bears a close resemblance to that of Vatopedion, being almost as large in dimensions, and containing many evidences of prosperity and wealth. A fire destroyed several of its buildings twenty-five years ago, but these have since been restored; and new marble altars and offerings in the church testify to the liberality of recent patrons. The main church is painted a chocolate colour outside, and contains the customary assortment of cupolas and domes. In the hieron we

were shown, besides the ordinary relics, the leg and part of the back of the Woman of Samaria, who must have been tall of stature, and who in her lifetime can never have seen jewels one-hundredth part of the value of those by which her last vestiges are now adorned. Here also are a great number of skulls of the illustrious departed, and some gorgeous vestments. An adjoining church contains the oldest icon on Mount Athos, the dim features of the Virgin and Child emerging obscurely from a perfect coruscation of jewels. A succession of devotees have decorated the image with glittering necklaces, collars, diadems, aigrettes, brooches, crosses, and stars. I fully expected to hear that this painting was the product of St. Luke, who is believed to have excelled with the brush; but the monks of Iberon would appear to have missed this excellent opportunity. We had no time to see the library, which Robert Curzon described as the most richly stocked on Athos fifty years ago; but upon my asking whether it still retained its pre-eminence, the answer was returned, "By the help of God it is so."

As we left the monastery a singularly discordant peal of bells in the Campanile was rung in our honour, a wooden semandron or signal-board having been similarly banged at Karyes; and the polite and amiable monks, of whose affability here as elsewhere it is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms, accompanied us down to the large Byzantine watch-tower on the beach. I told the acting Hegoumenos that I had been more than once in Tiflis, and in the country from which presumably the majority of his flock was derived. "Ah," he said, "I lived many years myself in Tiflis," and then—after a pause—"and do the beautiful ladies still exist there?" "Yes," I said, "they do," and (fired by the holy man's encouragement), "May I ask if your Holiness sometimes cherishes an affectionate recollection of their charms?" "Yes," he replied, with a pathetic twinkle in his eye, "I have, indeed, sometimes an ἀνάμνησις."

With which pleasant interchange of humour I bade, and I now repeat, a regretful adieu to the holy fathers of Athos. May their shadows never be less!

GEORGE N. CURZON.

OF WRITERS AND READERS.

I AM but a poor reader; yet, though it may sound a paradox I am a very good one; and I feel very keenly the great debt owed to those who read by those who write.

In order to expound this latter fact, which I see denied or ignored on all hands, I must first analyse the ideal reader, namely, myself. I have gone through the phase which for many people lasts all their lives, of the insatiable and indiscriminate appetite for printed matter; but it did not outlast my very earliest years, and the love of books as such departed with the passion for postage stamps. The presence of books does not charm me. Libraries, public and private, which fill the literary mind (as I learn) with an emotion akin to what I associate with sound of voices and organ issuing from a church, impress me, usually, only with what I would call the *dreariness of the void:* it is positively painful to think that so much paper and ink and house room should have been needed, all through the ages, for the storage of so small an amount of interesting fact or delightful fancy. Neither is my indignation aroused by the sight (which is common in the country of my adoption) of snuff, stamps, pennyworths of salt, and even dried fish wrapped up in pages of seventeenth and eighteenth century authors; I draw the line at cooking butter, but from no literary sentimentalism. I cannot but contrast my unwillingness to open strange books—except time-tables, which amuse me by their vague visions of picturesque localities—with the irresistible attraction I experience from every sort of print or photograph on a wall, from a Whistler etching down to a coloured print of the Virgin of Lourdes, and to the effigy of grandfather and grandmother, arm-in-arm, framed in imitation tortoiseshell in a country lodging.

And it is certainly true that whereas I can look into a street, or at a view, or into vacancy, for an indefinite period without wishing to change, even the books I enjoy give me very soon a sensation (like an analogous one after the second cup of tea or the third cigarette) warning me that enjoyment is rapidly growing mawkish stale, and actually intolerable.

In that case, puts in my reader, why do you read at all? though perhaps you do not, which would bring a certain uniformity and consistency into your literary impressions. . . . My answer is simple.

I do read, and even a good deal, not as an enjoyment in the present, but as a necessary (and often disagreeable) preliminary to enjoyment in the future. I read for the sake of the hash I shall make of books in my memory; and what is more, I conceive that most people, or at least many people, do exactly the same.

For, let us be frank, and examine things calmly. What is a book? 'Tis a certain number of items conveyed from one mind to another, and a certain mode of conveying. In the immense, utterly disproportionate majority of cases, the mode of conveying is such as precludes any possibility of extracting pleasure; it is saying a great deal when you rise from the task of reading without weariness and ailing. By the side of this majority is the minority of books, infinitesimal, where the manner of conveying facts, or thoughts, or feelings, the something through which you reach these items, the actual book, is of the sort that may give pleasure. Mind, I say *may give pleasure*. For it also may not. For it to do so, you require to be sensitive to writing as such, and there is no more reason for that than for your being sensitive to painting, music, riding, or anything from which some folk derive satisfaction; moreover, you must have a natural tendency to like that sort of writing in particular; you must be the right reader to the right book. Add to this the fact that the enjoyment of literature as literature, distinguishing it from the information concerning the world in general or the author in particular, requires a peculiar sensitiveness, a special nimbleness of certain faculties, which is a matter of the moment and the humour, so that you care one day and are indifferent the next, or perhaps the very next minute. How often do we not lay

down a book disheartened, wondering what can have become of the passage that charmed us so deeply?

The pleasure, therefore, derivable from books as such and at the moment of reading is intermittent; and it is, also, as we have seen exceedingly rare. What is it, then, that makes us read when we know full well that not a spark of this pleasure can be obtained either from our own deficiency, or the author's?

The instinct, and answer, that some of the items which we thus wearily accumulate will be re-arranged and turned to profit some time or other by our own fancy; and that, in order to obtain from everyday sights and events the full measure of enjoyment, we require to mingle with them something foreign to our own experience.

For our mind is very oddly constituted; so oddly that of all the things in the wide world it is certainly the one of which we know least. No wild creature is so difficult to study in its habits; for it not only escapes and eludes us in every way, disappearing into regions too dark for our eyesight, but whenever we seem to have tamed it, and are beginning quietly to examine it, it has a way of changing its tricks, of setting about a hundred apishnesses. Some points, however, are certain, though why they should be what they are it is difficult to guess. Thus, it seems certain that our thoughts, in order to be thoroughly agreeable and pleasant, cannot exist solely in one place at a time, nor solely in the present; nay, so to speak, our life must needs be double, interwoven of absent and present, of what has been and what is; or rather, even as in that musical ornament called a *trill* or *shake*, the special quality of an impression depends upon a rapid oscillation between two sounds, so here there must be a rapid alternation between two sets of ideas. Such alternation is the essence of all knowledge: without it we should not know a bird for a bird, or a man for a man, since doing so means merely bringing together what we see this moment with what we saw an hour since, yesterday, or a year ago. We are, therefore, though practical folk may be surprised to learn it, perpetually living in two places and two moments at once, and in twenty different ones within the twinkling of an eye. To this we owe half our pleasures: for in enjoying this garden,

this picture, this ride, or walk, we are enjoying also the remains of other gardens, pictures, walks, and drives. For our memory, remark, has this evaporating power: we forget all the unimportant, tiresome, unessential parts of things, and, if we seem sometimes to remember only trifles, it is because, at the moment of perception, those trifles were the least trifling part of what we really experienced, our perceptions having, as sometimes happens, closed up to what we yet knew was the most important.

Such is our ordinary life, the one we cannot help living. On its necessities is based the life which we live by preference, the life which we make for ourselves, our life of art, poetry, or, if you prefer the simpler and perhaps juster definition, of *play;* for we ask in vain for novelty: economical Dame Nature refuses us new material, and we must fain use up for our refined and far-fetched pleasures the stuff of our everyday activities, getting music out of the faculty that saves us from the wheels of a cab, and poetry out of the mechanism serving to ask for bread-and-butter. Association—the act of thinking at once of past and present, near and far—becomes in similar fashion not merely an element in every art, but the very essence of the art we practise most, though perhaps unconsciously, and perhaps with most enjoyment; an art which has no name, because every man carries it on for himself, without need for his neighbour's company. I should almost be tempted to call it, so pre-eminently is it deserving of such honour, *the art of enjoying oneself by oneself.*

Now, it is, I maintain, for the sake of this sort of enjoyment, although we may never have guessed it, that we are impelled to read so many practically useless and actually wearisome books. The keenest appreciation of any work of art need not be, necessarily, at the moment of seeing or hearing; nay, at that moment we may appreciate, or at least enjoy, but very little. Misty luminous sunsets, gleam-modelled wavelets of Claude, spare-leaved trees, blue mountains of Perugino, Greek athletes, Venetian St. Jeromes, vivid grass and breathable air of modern French painters—it is not while trudging through galleries and exhibitions that we get most joy out of them. Nay, even of music, the art most difficult, though seemingly the easiest, to retain, the most enjoyable scraps are per-

haps those we carry home—notes, here and there, of voices which we barely catch with the memory. This is much more the case with —well, shall we courteously call it literature?—since written words are not in themselves anything, but merely the suggestion of something. We do not remember a book, nor even a chapter, nor even, as regards prose at least, a page: we remember its contents, and sometimes its manner of conveying this. We do not assimilate books as we do music, pictures, or scenery as wholes, by a process like that of the gathering of small bubbles into large. We digest books; now, digestion means dissolving; and it means also assimilating, only a certain proportion. Authors who grow old over the turn of a phrase or the choice of an adjective, do you ever reflect how many of your pages, of your chapters, will pass across the reader's mind without leaving the faintest image of themselves? The thought is melancholy. But it is counterbalanced by the satisfactory recollection that out of the driest, most odious volume there may come (the impression of sawdust and lassitude immediately forgotten) fragments of colour, snatches of melody that may charm for a lifetime, characters, events, facts of different sorts which may lie in our minds and perfume times and places like orris-root and lavender among our linen.

I ought not to speak, if I said what I had intended to say about the books which we *do* read for the actual pleasure of reading them. But I have, going along, become aware of an idea which I think so important that I really must write it down at once; it will, at least, complete this essay as (what it has accidentally become, and by the mere force of truth) an admonition to literary humility, or what our forefathers would have called *a looking-glass to authors*, wherein to recognise their lack of intrinsic merit. For what I am about to say may bear this heading: that if in the ordinary run of books all delightfulness is due to the de-composing and re-composing powers of the reader, even in some of the most unusually charming books, the charm depends (and is sometimes deliberately made to depend) upon the co-operation of the reader.

Thus, take for instance the *romantic* charm of a book, a quality which seems to emanate so completely from the manner of the author, as, for instance, in Mr. Stevenson's best stories, and occa-

sionally in Scott's novels. If we examine, we shall find that half of it depends upon the *suggestion of adventures which might possibly have happened to the reader*, and which the latter can work out, and weave up and down as his fancy pleases. We are taught in primers of political economy the fact, which seems astonishing to the initiated, that man cannot himself *make or alter anything*, he can only induce the making or altering of things by calling in, at the right moment, some force of nature which is kicking its heels before the door.

Similarly the great writer of romantic stories. He calls in that faculty which we have all exercised as children, of deliberately imagining ourselves in some situation mentioned in a book: a companion of treasure-seekers or scalp-hunters, an additional member of the Swiss Family Robinson, a settler (as in Miss Martineau's tale, among one's flooded homesteads, nay, a twin of the good boy who took a walk over a moor and discovered the remains of a Pictish camp)—I cannot identify this allusion of my own; the faculty that makes us work out every detail, sometimes in the form of amateur illustrations—making us help, give advice, and so forth, rarely in the capacity of chief actor, but rather of active looker-on, adding to, but not altering, the main action.

Indeed, it is part of Mr. Stevenson's masterliness that he usually chooses as narrator one of the subordinate characters in his stories, introducing by his means the reader, who would not venture on accosting the chief personages, and making him also a spectator, almost a partial actor in certain tremendous situations; allowing him to witness the mutual persecutions of the brother-enemies of Durrisdeer (and that wonderful duel with the lit chandeliers flaring in the shrubbery); to help in seeking for the buccaneer's treasure and the wrecker's victims, or to get entangled (each of us adding a series of vague adventures of our small persons) in greater matters, like the Jacobite intrigues in *Kidnapped*, as Scott involves Frank Osbaldistone in *Rob Roy*, getting thereby one of his most adventurous effects.

For the main figures, the Pirates, the Masters of Ballantrae, the Alan Breeks, are too busy plotting and acting, are far too much

taken up with their own hairbreadth escapes, to be able to enjoy or to communicate the bitter-sweet of romance which the minor actor hands on to the reader.

The reader, therefore, has to do half the work of the writer? objects an incredulous person. Not half, but a large amount. For as, in the wider circle, so to speak, where resides the pleasure from the mere incidents and telling of a story, the reader is after all induced (and to induce him is to be a great master of style) to get up the interest on his own account; so, in that narrower, more purely literary portion of literature, where pleasure is to come from happy and suggestive words and their arrangement, the responsiveness, the activity of the reader are equally necessary for his own enjoyment. Readers do not know, as a rule, how much of a book they are themselves creating, and how much it is necessary they should create. The writer, if he be candid, must know, and sometimes to a most disheartening extent, how entirely he depends upon the contents and movements of the reader's mind. I must not hope, for instance, in a description, to convey my own impressions to your mind, but merely rest satisfied with awakening in it any sort of motion, too happy and proud if that motion does not tend in the direction diametrically opposed to the one that I aimed at. It is one of the bitter bits of knowledge which come to a writer, that half of the indispensable words he sets down are merely negative, words to clear the way, to forestall misconceptions; the poor writer sending his words on in front to prevent the reader going off at a tangent; for ten to one some necessary remark will suggest to the reader to rush down a by-lane of irrelevancy, unless its opening be properly defended and the way to the real show alone left free.

Everyone has his own affinities in literature, and is lacking in certain others: the subject, the attitude of mind of the writer may neutralise the pleasure to be received from his work; I recognise, for instance, that Fielding is one of our greatest writers as such, still I find him detestable reading; some people may, on the other hand, be annoyed by certain literary ways of George Eliot to the extent of neglecting to derive all the comfort and assistance which that great moralist in the concrete can give us. People are born, I imagine, partisans of Stendhal or partisans of Balzac; if the dry,

casual manners of the first do not offend them, then it is quite hopeless ever to make them like the historian of Madame Marneffe or any of his followers, like M. Bourget, for instance, who loves to descant on the expensive furniture of to-day as the Master once descanted upon the rep and mahogany for whose sake the men and women of 1830 so cheerfully sold their souls. It is thus very difficult to disentangle the purely literary portion of literature; and here again, the raging prejudices and hatreds of temperament towards temperament, and view of life towards view of life, show once more how little the writer can do without the sympathy and co-operation of the reader.

The purest triumphs of the writer would evidently be those which he obtains without such assistance; but then they would be achieved mainly in a somewhat futile game at which I sometimes amuse myself, namely, shuffling a number of books, and making a person read out aloud a sentence, or two sentences, out of each of them, taken utterly at random and cut short wherever they develop into anything. The listener, who has to guess whether the sentence is from Swinburne's *Shakespeare*, Patri's *Renaissance*, Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*, or Henry James' *Portraits of Places*, is really, in listening to the cadence of the words, marking the choice of adjectives and following the opening out of the sentence, without reference to drift or character, probably enjoying literature in the most purely literary way: he is having everything done for him by the writer. But then, for a human being of ordinary intellect, feeling, and imagination, that everything is by no means sufficient. He can get much more when he is himself called in to help.

There are two categories of poetry—and poetry is far more the work of the writer alone than prose—which represent perhaps the minimum of labour on the part of the reader, the maximum of achievement on that of the writer. One of them is the Heine song, the Shakespearean or Rossettian sonnet. The first lays hold of one by its very slightness; the startlingness of finding, as the slender, light-stepped thing turns and shows you its face, that this face is wet with tears or old with care. For it is an artistic wonder (the artist's favourite quality, unappreciated by the lay mind), that

slightness, that quality of a thing being made out of nothing, with nothing; and it must be the very vital spark of emotion to burn in anything so frail.

The other category charms one by the very reverse: the delight we take in certain sonnets of Shakespeare and Rossetti is from their inexpressible richness. They contain the most subtle and potent essence of rare thought, exquisite vision, intense passion, all distilled into a potion that seems, scarce swallowed, to career through every part of us (like some strong wines), heart, imagination, intellect, all heated up at once. It is like one of those medicines of former days, made of every precious gum and spice and most priceless jewels; or rather, a whole Solomon's cargo seems to have been burnt up to leave this wonderful essence. To one absorbed in practical or dry studies, or infrivolities, such poetry is worth all the Skylarks and Nightingales in creation; to enjoy those you must already be in the poetic mood; this, like a drug, puts you into it. And similarly, as I have remarked, those little lyrics of Heine, subduing at once like some snatch of German popular song.

To sum all up: a book must be un-made and re-made by the reader, otherwise its writer had better keep it for his own private reading. We read much, but of the vast majority of books we ought to remember but little; for only a little can nourish our thoughts, and the rest is indigestion.

VERNON LEE.

THE PALIMPSESTS OF PRISON.

CESARE LOMBROSO, Professor of Legal Medicine at the University of Turin, is, perhaps, the most original and eminent thinker and investigator contemporary Italy can boast. Already at the age of thirteen he had published a treatise on the origin of language, as a student he studied the problems of cretinism, and after fighting valiantly to help rid his country of the Austrian usurpers he dedicated himself to the study of mental maladies, with special reference to criminal pathology. Of late years this latter study has almost absorbed him, and all that deals with social outcasts and criminal jurisprudence fascinates him beyond words. And he has taken up the study in a manner quite novel and likely to bring forth immense results. Let me speak of one side branch of his large subject. Whoever is privileged to visit Professor Lombroso at his private abode at Turin will notice in the study a number of pieces of coarse earthenware, washing basins, jugs, and other objects of intimate use, often broken and dirty. To what possible end can these things serve a Professor of Legal Medicine, a visitor asks himself in amazement, but since it is evident that Lombroso is not the man to do a thing without a purpose, the intruder will look at this worn dilapidated crockery more closely and will then find that on their surface are scratched rough drawings, writings, and hieroglyphics. "All this rubbish," says Dr. Lombroso, "which would make an antiquarian shudder, are to me as precious as his bric-à-brac to him. They are the palimpsests of prison life." And under this title, *The Palimpsests of Prison*, Professor Lombroso has just issued a large volume in which he publishes the inscriptions, often in facsimile, and all the drawings and cyphers his industrious researches have collected. The book is not intended for the public at large, but for philosophers,

students of criminal anthropology, and those seriously interested in the psychology of man. The Professor holds that these scribblings have the same ethnographical value as those left by street boys on the walls of Pompeian houses, in the shape of aids towards the intimate knowledge of these men.

"The public, and even the scientific world," says Dr. Lombroso, "really credits that gaols, and especially those where solitary confinement is practised, are silent and paralysed organisms, devoid of hands and tongue because the law has imposed upon them that they must be mute and immovable. But since no decree, no matter how much backed up by force, is potent against the power of Nature, it comes about that this organism speaks, moves, and sometimes even wounds and kills, despite of all commands. Only, as invariably happens when a human requirement is in conflict with a law, it expresses itself in underhand and hidden ways; on prison walls, on water jugs, on bedposts, on the margins of the book given to convicts to read with the idea of improving their morals, on paper that has wrapped up medicines, nay, even on the shifting sand strewn on the floor of the galleries opened for their promenade, on their very clothes, upon which they impress their thoughts in embroidery. From this springs a species of diary, anonymous but endless, which informs the prisoner of what goes on around him, or what may happen, and which constitutes besides a collection of autobiographies, free from all pretension, but none the less important on that account."

It therefore occurred to Professor Lombroso that these prison palimpsests, for the most part unknown, strictly prohibited by the law, and hence, certainly not intended to be divulged to the honest public, just as the ancient palimpsests were not written for the era which brought them to light, might furnish precious indications of the true psychological temperament of this most unhappy race which lives alongside of us, but of whose differentiation of character from ourselves we are unaware.

The words of the "Ancient Mariner":

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea,"

involuntarily recur to the mind as we penetrate with Professor

Lombroso into the inner nature of that hitherto unstudied or ill-studied race, ever with us, though hardly of us. Cells where delinquents are confined in supposed silence as of death become eloquent of the intimate life of men whose ways of thought, feeling, speech are different from ours, approaching rather to what we conceive as the savage type in their vanity, want of moral sense, need of figuring forth their desires and deeds in pictures on their own bodies, or on any markable object which comes in their way. Among them, as among savages, tattooing is considered a sign of importance,—the black coat of society, with its decorations, and, in its brutal cynicism and directness, stands a complete revelation of the impulses and passions of the man. It seems as though by some deep-rooted instinct in human nature, whenever a human being is secluded for any considerable length of time from his fellows, he experiences the need of embodying some literary or artistic expression of himself. Tattooing is one form, but far more interesting are what Professor Lombroso calls Prison Palimpsests.

"To the prison authorities," says the Professor, "who are always short-sighted when they are not blind, prisons, especially those conducted on the solitary confinement principle, are real human trunks, without hands, without feet, without voice. This is not the case with their unfortunate inhabitants, who are provided with organs, perhaps to their inconvenience. Thus their work, their voice, and even their most secret thoughts break forth on all sides."

Now, if we bear in mind that every such inscription is an infringement of prison regulations, that their inditing becomes a vulgar question of bread and butter to the hungry author, we can estimate how strong must be the impulse that drives to this end.

Professor Lombroso has for five years been collecting these revelations, which are free by their very origin from the simulation so frequent in official interviews. "I have studied those people for twenty years," he says, "and yet I was not prepared for the horrors I found in their writings." Terrible indeed, and at the same time most instructive is the absence of anything like repentance, the moral inability to grasp the nature of crime, shown in abuse of judges who have committed these malefactors unjustly (they confess the crime, but fail to see why it should be punished), in reitera-

tions of their intention of resuming their old life when they get out, in frank expressions of delight at the ease of prison life.

"Once it was customary," runs one inscription, "to declaim against the Spanish Inquisition, but who would have thought that the year 1886 would see worse things done? Poor justice, in what a sad condition you find yourself!" And, again: "Our judges, besides telling lies, are of a hypocrisy that passes all limit."

"A lawyer who would acquire fame should not only take up the cause of those who have money, but should also occupy himself with the cases of poor fathers of families."

"Law is equal for all—who have money."

Some inscriptions contain truths which might well be pondered. The following, for instance, is a scathing satire: "Oh, penal code why do you punish cheating with your severe rigours while the noble Italian Government, with its immoral game of Lotto, is teacher and guide in the art of swindling?"

Not without a substance of justice, too, are the frequent complaints of the slowness of legal suits, mingled, however, with the usual execrations of those who punish crime. "When the bronze horse which stands on the Piazza San Carlo takes to galloping," writes one robber, "my case will come to trial." And another: "Infamous police, is it not time to let me out of this cursed gaol? It seems to me I have been here long enough for taking 300 francs between three of us. You others steal much more from us poor wretches, who are under your sway; in six months alone you rob more than we can in six years, assassins that you are. Yet none of you are in prison. But a day will come when you will render account to God of your infamous thievings, your unjust actions in order to get on in the world, and all your baseness. Wretches that you are. I am Ciapet of S. Salvari."

"These judges have no mercy. They will not let me do well on any account. I have already so many annoyances, am so full of debts that I don't know how to pay, and they keep me here in prison doing nothing. Now that the fine weather is come, and that I could go somewhere to work, that I could earn something to pay my debts, these vile beings make me stay at Turin, in prison. Well, then, do you at least pay my debts. I cry for

vengeance for myself and my creditors. Vengeance? Fool that I am to cry for vengeance in this world! It's like scolding an ass and losing one's strength and time and labour. Poor Macinato!"

"Je suis été voleur, mais les juges qui m'ont condamné sont plus coupables et voleur que moi, parcequ'ils m'ont condamné à une peine que je n'ai pas mérité, et ils volent tous les jours avec leur paraissevité (*sic*) et méchancété. Il faut se venger."

It is highly worthy of notice how often this cry of vengeance resounds during the past year of '89, the anniversary of the French Revolution: yet another proof, were another needed, how sedulously demagogues tried to utilise this date in order to spread their noxious doctrines and to raise criminal hopes. "The year '89 is approaching, and this time the Commune will set the world in a blaze."

"Courage, my boys, in the blow-up that will come in '89, all the prisoners in the world will be liberated. It is only a question of a few months."

The cells in church are numbered. A prisoner scrawls on his: "This hole bears the number of the years of Christ (33), Who condemned all unjust and corrupt judges and spies."

"There are men who resemble certain donkeys who carry gold and eat hay. This is what the Contractor does, with this difference, that he eats the gold the State pays him, and gives to us instead, poor prisoners, the hay to chew, when he does not give us straw."

Reform is surely an unknown factor to those who write as follows: "As soon as I leave prison I will always steal even at the risk of being always in prison." "Oh, thief! ces canailles de juges have ruined your trade. Courage all the same, and forward." "The 'cute man and all his friends must rob no longer, but assassinate."

Neither can shame be said to be an ingredient in the composition of the author of the following: "Your very affectionate banditti-chief, Talbot. I have always been an honest man and have already served twenty years as a convict. I am in prison again, and this time they will condemn me to penal servitude for life, and all that for having done good to my neighbours. I have only killed six men; I put them out of the world because they

suffered too much. I plundered several peasants' houses and then set them on fire. All this in order that I might never want bread." "If God has given us instincts to rob which we obey there are certain people who have the instinct of imprisoning us. This world, then, is a theatre in which to enjoy ourselves for ever." An imaginary epitaph, with the drawing of a grave, is the following: "Here lies the body of poor Tubac, who, tired of robbing in this world, has gone to rob in another. His contented relatives raised this monument."

The praises cynically lavished on prison life should make certain sentimental philanthropists ponder. "Whoever says evil of this prison," writes one criminal in respectable Sicilian verse, "I will tear his face to pieces. They are mightily in error who think that prison punishes." And again: "Dear friend, I write these lines to tell you that I am in prison, and as I am alone I beg you will commit some crime to get in there. The time passes quicker in company, and when we are in the galleys we will relate our life." "Addio, friends, for Heaven's sake, don't avoid prison; here one eats, drinks, sleeps, and has not got to work."

One having written, "Solitary confinement is the refinement of barbarism invented in this later nineteenth century," another scrawls beneath, "It is not true what the prisoner says on this page. Instead they treat us far too well, and have too many attentions for us. This person supposes no doubt that they should let us go for a walk in the public park, and play at billiards and dominoes, or visit Madame ——. What a fool you are! You should not have let yourself be trapped between these walls.—Signed, A friend of good sense and justice." "To come to this Inn one does not need money. Everything is gratis; even attendance." Yet another tells us: "As for me, I am happier than St. Peter. Here in this cell I am waited on by lacqueys. What a land of cockayne! One is much better off here than in the fields."

Of course satires on the prison, and execrations, are not lacking either. Thus: "In the time of the Inquisition there was a horrible murdering, but one suffered less than nowadays."

Priests are objects of great hatred to the criminals. One writes: "Poor priests, you are lucky that I can have no post of authority;

for if I had you would all be done for. Let Italy be purged of these noxious insects, parasitical plants that thrive like ivy, attaching themselves to living trunks." This aphorism is scratched with a pin; indeed, pins and nail-heads are the most frequent substitutes for pencils and pens. In a book of devotion, a guide to a moral life, a reader annotates: "Fool, he who wrote these stupidities! One ought to hang him in order that his memory be preserved." This latter remark, by the way, is significant of the light in which criminals view capital punishment.

Complaints against friends and relatives for not visiting them are frequent. A letter addressed to a father, too long to quote, ends in this filial manner: "As soon as I am free I will take you by the throat and give you four good blows on your face to thank you for the kind aid you have given me."

That enforced silence is truly a penalty to the loquacious Italian, never happy alone or not talking, is often noted here. "To forbid me to talk, to forbid me to write, why, it passes all credence!" "Pretend to be mad," is a counsel often repeated, "then they will send you to the infirmary, where you won't be alone, won't die of starvation, and will be better treated. From there, too, it's easier to escape."

Noteworthy among so many other sad features is the curious vanity regarding their villainy frequently displayed by these men, their blatant cynicism, their absolute moral perversion. Sorrow for the crime is transformed into a truly Spartan shame at being found out. "Steal much, but in such a way as not to be discovered," says one. "Everyone can steal—it is in not being found out that the wit lies." That complicity in wrong is also ill-doing will not enter their brains, and many cry out that they are innocent, that they only stood by and took the stolen goods, did not steal them themselves. Here is a document left by a prisoner ere committing suicide which gives food for thought:—

"I have always stolen, and I always shall steal, because that is my fate. The paper on which I write is stolen, and so are even the inkstand and pen. I am more unfortunate than wicked. I have had the misfortune of not being master of my own will, and of being influenced by that of others. I do right or wrong equally

according to their suggestions. Oh, why then has God always made me meet those who have advised me badly! Having once more committed a crime into which I flattered myself I should not again fall, and that not by my own will, but in consequence of the suggestions of a wretch who stole with me, and who afterwards, of his own free will, went to denounce me to the police; from the certainty I have of not being able to conquer the vice which forces me to desire and to steal what belongs to others; and having foresworn myself, and knowing I am useless and dangerous to society; being bound to appear before the Court of Assize to drag in the mire the name which my father was proud to bear, I feel weary of life, and for these reasons and others also, I have determined to seek death on May 20th, because it is the anniversary of my first arrest."

Criminals display a curious tendency to express their crimes, and above all those which occupy them most, in graphic form. Thus even Troppmann, the murderer of wife and children, though a literary man and a poet, when in prison furnished a proof of this truth, depicting with a pen the scene in which, armed with knife and axe, he fell upon his family. Cavaglia engraved upon a jug the scene of his own crime and suicide. In one of Lombroso's facsimiles we see a hunchbacked thief telling the story of his parallel love-making with two women, both of whom denounce him to justice. On another a highwayman tells the story of his misdeeds, his arrest, and condemnation. Yet another drawing tells the sad story of the life of the condemned from the cradle to the grave. And all these drawings, it must be noted, are done in the rudest form, such as children practise, interpersed with explanatory remarks. Further signs are frequently encountered that form a sort of intermediary between writing and drawing, such as hieroglyphics were in their origin. Thus keys allude to the sacred secret of the Camorra; a wolf is a sign of hunger; a skull, a dagger, a sign of vendetta.

No modern analytical novelist, neither Zola, nor even Dostojewsky in his marvellous work of minute observation of the criminal classes, the *House of the Dead*, causes us to penetrate so deeply into the vitals of unfortunate and hapless humanity as does this

rich collection put together with such patient scientific care by Professor Lombroso. We burst with him into an unexplored ocean, as dark, as slimy, as rotten as that in which the Ancient Mariner first found grace. Can these men find grace too? What is the lesson taught by the prison palimpsests? Professor Lombroso declines to answer. He only puts before us facts and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. We may fairly say that these palimpsests are corroborations of his previously expressed views both with regard to the nature of the criminal and of the utter futility of our present most costly prison system. Some few there are, the occasional criminals, who confess their crimes. Of these there may be some hope, though their mental constitution will always render them dangerous, but they must be disassociated with those whom the palimpsests prove to be the great bulk of criminals, viz., the born criminals. These last reveal themselves as a race apart. The writings of the criminals, frequently in quite passable verses, their epigrams, often very much to the point, prove them to be often men of parts and of some education; but their moral nature is differently constructed from that of ordinary men; they have no notion of right and wrong, kindness does not touch them, good example does not fire them—cannot fire them, for self-denial (except with some selfish aim) is, to their mind, simple idiotcy. You can no more change such men into social beings than you can transmute one species into another. It is useless to try to reform them in cellular prisons. No mortal cunning can circumvent their wiles and prevent their holding that intercourse which aggravates their malady. One, indeed, says with brutal frankness: "In prison . . . one has good masters in the arts of thieving, who teach us things most useful to know in the profession." Against these men society, as an organised body, must follow the first of all laws, that of self-defence. She must either get rid of them, or find means of using them in some way harmless to herself; but she must not let a mistaken philanthropy induce her either to try to reform them, or to expose herself to their renewed assaults.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE PROVIDENT SIDE OF TRADES UNIONISM.

THE provident side of Trade Unionism has been attacked from two diametrically opposite extremes, by two utterly opposing sets of antagonists. A quarter of a century ago the open and the covert enemies of trade combinations proclaimed from the housetops that provident benefits were but a cloak to cover the less commendable objects of trade unions, and they furthermore declared that the provident funds and the funds for trade purposes ought to be separated, so that a huge strike fund should not be accumulated under cover of friendly society benefits. Those attacks were replied to so vigorously and successfully by an array of facts and arguments that this class of objectors was ultimately silenced, if not convinced of their error. Then actuarial experts were called in, who pronounced the contributions to be insufficient to meet the claims under the head of provident benefits, and prognosticated failure in the near future. Their figures were in some instances so formidable that many imagined that insolvency was sure to follow at no distant date. Time and experience have shown that these forebodings were altogether groundless, for the societies whose accounts were overhauled have paid their way, have met every claim, and satisfied every liability, and yet had a very considerable balance in hand at the close of the year 1890.

Recently this provident side of Trade Unionism has been denounced from within, by men whose contention is that trade unions should be simply "fighting machines," instead of being huge benefit clubs. The opponents of twenty-five years ago imagined that the funds collected for provident benefits would be robbed and be applied for strike purposes; later opponents declare

that the trade funds are plundered or misused for friendly society purposes. The object of this paper is to show the fallacy of both classes of objectors, and to indicate the extent and value of such provident provisions from an industrial and economic aspect, and also their uses as purely benevolent expedients, based upon principles similar to those which constitute the groundwork of friendly societies, which all admit have done so much to promote the welfare and prosperity of the great mass of the working population in this country.

I. *Origin of Provident Benefits.*—The earlier combinations of workmen were mostly ephemeral; they arose out of local circumstances, and usually disbanded when the events which gave rise to them had passed away. As soon as any society of workmen for trade purposes was formed on a permanent basis, provident benefits, in one form or another, were incorporated with its trade purposes, if only in their most elementary form. For example, "funeral money" was nearly always provided, being a survival of the old guild system. Assistance in sickness and distress was also part of the policy of the earlier unions, but it was upon the voluntary principle, by means of collections, of lotteries, "free and easy benefits," raffles, and the like. The germ was present, but it required time to develop it into a system. The laws passed for the encouragement of friendly societies towards the close of the last century tended to promote provident provisions as an integral part of trade combinations. Thus we find that some of the unions established in the beginning of the present century had already begun to engraft upon their constitution for trade purposes some provision for sickness and accidents, as well as funeral allowance. The chief reason for extending the system appears to have been the impossibility of keeping the men together permanently in union, with only the promise of strike pay in case of a dispute. Moreover, a society established in restraint of trade was unlawful, and the officers and leaders of the union had to be very careful not to express in the rules any condition or promise which might lay them open to prosecution. Above all, experience soon taught the more intelligent unionists that the only hope of being able to establish permanent unions, even for trade purposes, was by

extending the benefits, and thereby binding the men together by the strong bonds of mutual self-interest, by mutual support.

II. *The Growth of Provident Benefits.*—When provident benefits had once become incorporated as an integral part of the organisation of trade unions, it was but natural that the principle should expand and extend. As before stated, funeral benefit was in a sense inherited from the old guild system. Tramp relief was also to some extent inherited from the craft guilds, the latest development of the guild system, of which journeymen, or hired handicraftsmen, were members. This provision, therefore, was at an early date embodied in the rules of trade unions, either as Tramp Relief, or by the more euphonious name of Travelling Relief. This was the earliest form in which the principle of unemployed benefit was granted to members of trade societies. Accident benefit and sick benefit were added by some of the pioneer unions at a later date, according to the exigencies of the trade, undoubtedly with the view of strengthening the union by making it sufficiently broad to induce the members to stand by it and support it when temptations arose to draw them away from the trade society. Individual self-interest prompted men to avoid the union; mutual self-interest had to be made sufficiently powerful to counteract the former, which it did by the addition of provident benefits of a permanent and far-reaching character. Superannuation for old age was added at a still later date, and also the modern form of out-of-work allowance, or "donation benefit," as it is called, which distinguishes the best trade unions from all other provident institutions in the land. This method of relief is gradually being substituted for travelling relief in most unions.

III. *The Type of Union here intended.*—The exact number of trade unions in this country is not accurately known. The Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress appears to have sent out 1,200 circulars to independent bodies in connection with the "Eight Hour Movement," when the Committee desired to ascertain the views of the trades upon that subject. There are probably about 1,500 societies in all, possibly a few more. For present purposes those selected are a few of the larger amalgamated unions, whose payments and benefits nearly or

approximately correspond, and one which is, in a sense, a local union, although it is metropolitan in character and extent, namely, the London Society of Compositors. A large number, however, confine their operations to "trade purposes," with the addition of funeral benefits. The best and most complete type of union are those constituted on the basis of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, having all the usual friendly society benefits, with the addition of out-of-work allowance and superannuation for old age.

IV. *Extent of Provident Provision.*—The extent of provident benefits can only be adequately represented by some details of a few of the unions. It is admitted on all hands that the prices of commodities are generally regulated by competition. If this principle operated freely and fully everywhere the price of a commodity would, as competition became keener and more intense, be reduced to the lowest level, that is, approximately to the actual cost of production, plus a narrow margin for profits. Supply and demand are, however, often more or less regulated, so that competition does not absolutely determine price in all cases. Hence economists say that these principles, or "laws," have a tendency to determine prices. It is precisely so as regards the wages of labour. The mere force of competition, superinduced by hunger, might drag down the workman to a bare subsistence wage, a condition which all would deplore. If the mass were so reduced, the demand for commodities would decrease, and consequently manufactures would decline, and trade diminish; the effect of this would be that wages would be even further reduced by scarcity of employment. Trade unions seek to diminish competition by supporting those out of employment, so that they shall not be compelled to accept mere subsistence wages; and the more complete the provision thus made is, the more effectually do the unions keep up the rates of wages in the several industries in which it exists.

Provident provision is made under several distinctive heads, the following being a summary of the amounts expended for unemployed benefit alone during the last sixteen years :—

Out of Work Benefit.—For present purposes, travelling, relief, and home donation are classed together, the object being the same

in both cases, namely, the support of those out of employment, and the diminution by such means of active competition in the labour market. The total expenditure in the last sixteen years was £2,031,309, by only six societies, the whole of which was spent in directly preventing what we may call hunger competition in the labour market, besides other indirect payments.

The other and less direct benefits, economically speaking comprise sick benefit, superannuation allowance, accident benefit, funeral allowance, and sundry benefits and grants, such as benevolent grants, loss of tools, &c. During the same period of sixteen years the total amount expended by six societies was £2,173,785; the grand total being £4,205,094, by six societies only.

The extent of provident benefits ensured by the better class of trade unions to their members requires that they should be presented under yet another aspect, in order to see their full effect, and also to be able to estimate their economical value, namely, in their aggregate totals covering a long series of years. The aggregate amounts expended under the general head of "Provident benefits," or "Benevolent objects," by thirteen societies in forty years, was £7,460,071, and under the head of strikes, or dispute pay, £481,816. The amounts are given separately because strike pay is by many regarded as the only benefit which directly affects labour, economically speaking, whereas it will be found that this expenditure exercises perhaps the least powerful influence in the wide-spreading operations of trade unionism, though it is the one phase which is always more or less conspicuously seen in connection therewith, whilst the other benefits, though quite as direct in their effects, are less obvious to the public, being almost silent in their operation, yet withal most effective in securing the great end aimed at.

V. *Economic Force and Value of Provident Benefits.*—The economic force and value of the preceding aggregate totals cannot be so easily explained and estimated as conceived. It is scarcely possible to say that this or that union in any particular year won a strike by reason of its power of withdrawing from active competition in the labour market some hundreds, or, it may be,

thousands, of its members; but the fact must be obvious, none the less that in the settlement of the dispute it was a material factor. But, perhaps, the influence is always greater in preventing disputes, because an employer has to consider his chances of success in resisting a demand, in attempting to reduce wages or to increase the working hours. In every case the needy, whether from loss of employment, ill-health, or other causes, constitute the chief industrial element from which are drawn the men who help to defeat their fellows in the event of a dispute. In proportion as this element is reduced by the support of its individual constituents in case of need, the chances of defeat are diminished, whether it be in seeking increased wages or reduced working hours, or in resisting any attempt to reduce wages or extend the hours of labour. The principle underlying this action is what may be called the operation of the law of supply and demand in its relation to labour, the supply of cheap labour, superintended by poverty, being reduced to a minimum. The effects of provident provisions are permanent, whilst the gains by strikes are often temporary and evanescent, unless the more effectual means are behind the latter to ensure permanency. The history of the last twenty-five years afford ample proof of the foregoing contention. During the depression in trade which followed the banking crisis and Black Friday some twenty-five years since, and also during the severe and prolonged depression which followed the years of prosperity from 1870 to 1874, the reductions in wages and increase in working hours were inappreciable in the better organised industries, where ample provision was made for the workmen in their unions, as compared with those not so well organised. The unions of the latter went to pieces, while those of the former survived and flourished.

VI. *Economic Results of Provident Benefits.*—The important question to be considered is: What has been the material, practical, or economical result of the action of the trade unions, backed up more or less completely by their provident provisions? In what way, and to what extent, has the expenditure named influenced the rates of wages, hours of labour, and general conditions of employment, or, in other words, the economical aspects of the labour

question? Mere opinion on such a matter has little weight. It is mainly a question of fact, though opinions formed with a full knowledge of the facts undoubtedly deserve attention. What, then, are the facts?

In thirteen groups of trades, representing the chief industries of the country, the hours of labour have been reduced by ten per week in most of them, while in others the reduction has been from five to six hours per week. Wages in the same groups of trades have advanced from 5s. to 12s. per week, the average all round being nearly 10s. per week per man, all of which has taken place since 1850.

The figures given show conclusively that a very substantial gain has been secured to labour, in all the branches of industry represented by the several groups. The question arises whether those advantages were wholly secured by trades unions and the benefits by them provided, and, if so, to what extent the provident benefits contributed to secure and maintain those advantages; or whether the increase in wages and reductions in working hours were the natural outcome of improved economic conditions, that is, of conditions which have been found to operate quite apart from the action of trade unionism, as in the case of domestic servants. A few years ago it was customary for writers and speakers to assume that the progress effected was the result of natural growth, the expansion of industry, the increase of wealth, educational advancement, and social amelioration, or the consequence of the increased demand for labour, and the competition of employers for that labour. The case of domestic servants was often quoted in support of the allegations that wages advanced quite apart from combinations, and that trade unions had very little to do with the matter. That argument is now seldom advanced; indeed, the condition of the unorganised industries of the kingdom, until within the last two or three years, conclusively proves that without organisation the conditions of labour improve but very little, and very slowly, as a general rule. The only real exception was and is that of domestic servants; but even their improved condition has had very little influence upon the condition of other female workers. Of course no one will assert that the "progress of the

nation" has had nothing whatever to do with the amelioration of the condition of the masses. The only contention is that combination and association have mainly contributed to the advances in wages and the reduction of working hours as stated.

VII. *Relative Influence of Provident Benefits.*—It needs no elaborate argument to support the view that labour of itself and in isolation, cannot even now obtain what may be regarded, in the most modest sense of the expression, as its rightful dues: that even with powerful combinations and effective organisation it is very difficult for workmen to obtain anything like a fair reward, or a reasonable proportion of the fruits of their own labour. Without doubt the first step towards any fair adjustment of wages, or apportionment of the joint produce of capital and labour, was made by trade unions by means of strikes, or what are called the trade purposes of the union. This provision undoubtedly gave the first impulse to the labour movement. But it was often found that the combination collapsed after its first success; the advantages gained were lost when the union was no longer able to maintain the privileges gained. It was this fact that led the earlier pioneers to institute a system by which the members would be bound more closely together by the bonds of mutual self-interest and mutual support. Provident benefits kept the men together. They had a personal and pecuniary interest in the welfare and growth of the union. They were thus able to maintain by organisation what had been won by a trade struggle. The success of one union in this direction led to imitation. Hence the tendency for more than forty years past to unite in one and the same society provisions of all kinds, for the mutual protection and support of its members. Some of those unions are absolutely unique and unapproachable, in benefits and contributions, respectively, for the working classes as pure investments.

VIII. *The Cost of Provident Benefits.*—This aspect of the question has not, perhaps, been sufficiently studied. In view of recent movements in favour of industrial insurance some figures may help to show what can be done, by showing what has been done, by large bodies of men, in diverse industries. In fixing the contributions for the members of a particular trade, the benefits

to be provided have first of all to be considered. These are framed in view of the possible contributions of the men engaged in the special trade. If the society is established for strike purposes only, the calculation, if made at all, must be made on the basis of what is intended to be aimed at in the particular trade. The amounts vary from 2d. or 3d. per week to 6d. per week, but even the latter sum may soon be dissipated by frequent disputes. With a wider range of benefits a more careful computation must obviously be made. Experience has now pretty nearly decided what amount will suffice for certain specific benefits, in some at least of the large industries of the kingdom. The actual cost of provident benefits varies in different trades, not only relatively to the cost of strikes, but to the weekly contributions. The ratio of the amounts of contributions also varies for the several benefits. For example, the cost per week of sick benefit is not the same in all trades; and when we compare the cost of the out-of-work benefit the divergence is even more marked. The latter, of course, depends upon the liability to fluctuations in the particular industry, as compared with other branches, even in cognate trades. Only a few examples need be given to indicate the proportionate cost of each benefit; but those selected are the best types that can be quoted, because they range over a long series of years, because the figures are complete in themselves, and because they represent some very important bodies of workmen, in widely divergent branches of trade. The members of the societies enumerated are subject to periods of inflation and depression in trade, and in some instances are influenced by the state of the weather, so that they feel the effects of the varied conditions which affect industry and the earnings of the working classes.

(*a*) *The Ironfounders.*—This society has an uninterrupted record for a period of over eighty years, and several of its benefits date back to the year 1831. During those years the average payments for out-of-work have averaged 7¼d. per week; sick benefit, 2d. per week; superannuation allowance, 1¼d. per week; funeral benefit, ¾d. per week; accident benefit, ¼d. per week; and benevolent grants and emigration, ⅝d. per week. The total for trade purposes was ¼d. per week, while the cost of management of all kinds amounts to 1½d. per week.

(*b*) *The Engineers.*—The tables of this society cover forty-one years. During those years the average weekly payments, on account of the several benefits have been as follows :—Out-of-work, 5½d. per week ; sick benefit, 2¼d. per week ; superannuation, 1¼d. per week ; funerals, ¾d. per week ; and accident benefit and benevolent grants, ¼d. per week ; total, 10d. per week ; strike pay, ¼d. per week, so that the contributions necessary for all those benefits are 10¼d. per week, exclusive of all management expenses.

(*c*) *The Steam-Engine Makers.*—The tables of this society extend over thirty-eight years. It is not quite so easy to adjust the exact proportions in this instance as in some others, because there have been slight variations in the payments. But approximately the relative payments have been as follows :—Out-of-work benefit, 3½d. per week ; sick benefit, 1½d. per week ; superannuation, 1d. per week ; funerals, 1d. per week ; accident and benevolent grants, 1d. per week ; total, about 8d. per week. The dispute pay may have reached about ½d. per week, or a trifle over, but not much more. The foregoing is exclusive of management expenses.

(*d*) *The Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders.*—The tables for this society only cover twenty-four years, at the commencement of which period the society was established on its present basis. The out-of-work payments in this union amount to 3¼d. per week ; sick benefit to 2½d. per week, or, including surgeons, 3¼d. per week ; superannuation, ½d. per week ; funerals, ¾d. ; and accidents, ½d. The total, inclusive, amounts to 9¼d. per week. The cost of strikes is about ¾d. per week, the total being 10d., exclusive of management expenses.

(*e*) *Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners.*—The tables of this society extend over thirty-one years. The payments approximately represent 3¾d. per week for out-of-work ; 2¾d. for sick benefit ; ½d. per week for superannuation ; ¾d. per week for funerals ; and ¾d. per week for loss of tools by fire, accidents, benevolent grants, &c., the total being about 8½d. per week, the dispute pay amounting to 1½d. per week, or a total of 10d., exclusive of management.

(*f*) *The London Society of Compositors.*—The tables of this society extend over forty-three years, but some of its benefits did

not commence till a later date. The society provides no sick benefit, and, therefore, the weekly contributions of the members are less than in those before enumerated. The out-of-work benefit approximates to about 2½d. per week; superannuation to about ¾d. per week; funerals to about ½d. per week; benevolent grants, fire, &c., to about ½d. per week; the total being about 4½d. per week. The dispute allowance takes about ½d. per week. This society, however, provides other benefits, such as library and reading-room for the members, and there are legal expenses in defence of the "scale," or rates of pay, exclusive of the management expenses. The total cost of the benefits may be put down roughly at 5½d. per week, no sick benefit being included. The foregoing examples will suffice to show the actual cost of provident provisions, averaging over about forty years, in several typical industries.

IX. *Conclusions.*—The conclusions arrived at from an investigation of this subject, and which appear to be borne out by the facts and figures given, are:—

(1) That, with careful management, and the avoidance of strikes, except in cases of real emergency, a trade union can pay its way and become a powerful economic force, with a contribution of about 1s. per week, which amount will cover provident benefits, inclusive of out-of-work allowance, sick benefit, superannuation in old age, funeral benefit on the death of a member or his wife, provision for disablement by reason of injury whilst following his employment, loss of tools by fire, and benevolent grants in time of pressing need, as well as keep up the trade privileges of its members, reducing the hours of labour, and increasing the rates of wages, and yet leave a sufficient margin for management expenses.

(2) That the economic conditions aimed at by trade unions can best be secured by providing for all the ordinary contingencies which affect the workman, by an over-all rate of payment, in one and the same union, so that the member shall have a direct personal interest in its welfare, and an incentive to stand firmly by its rules and regulations, however tempted to desert it in times of pressure and danger.

(3) That trade unions for trade purposes only are weak, ineffi-

cient, and insufficient; they lack the essential condition of absolute permanency as an institution, even for the limited objects sought by the rules. This conclusion must be so far modified as not to imply that no union can long exist which provides only for strike purposes, because some such have existed for many years. But the history of these shows how fragile they are when confronted with real difficulties of an industrial character, requiring a continuous struggle to maintain its ground.

(4) That the only way in which labour can be permanently benefited is by the fulfilment of the conditions of economic law—that is, by withdrawing from competition all those whose pressing needs would impel them to accept any terms, however inadequate, in order to appease hunger or avert the calamity of selling up their home, or disposing of such articles as could be spared to satisfy present needs. This is done effectually by the provision for members out of work, in which respect the better class of trade unions outvie all other provident associations in the world. The effect of the out-of-work allowance is that the supply of labour is so regulated that absolute destitution is no longer operative as an economic force in the labour market.

(5) The other provident provisions for sickness, old age, cases of accident, impoverishment by funerals, and the grants from the benevolent fund in dire necessity arising from prolonged sickness or out of work, not only relieve the distress of the hour, but preserve the manly independence and self-respect of the worker. Those qualities have always much to do with the progress of the working classes, and constitute an important factor in working out economic conditions. The effect of the whole combined is seen in the demeanour of the members of such societies and in their homes and general condition. It is evidenced in the high average duration of life, not only of the members, but of their wives, the general average age at death having risen from three and a-half to five years during the last forty years.

(6) The general economic effect of these provident provisions are to be seen in the gradual increase in the rates of wages, and in the reductions in the hours of labour, at a very trifling cost, so far as strike pay is concerned. In several important groups of

industries the working hours have been reduced from sixty-three to fifty-three hours per week, while the rates of wages have advanced from 25s. 6d. per week to 35s. 6d. per week, the net average earnings, after all deductions for loss of time, having risen from 23s. 4d. for sixty-three hours' work to 31s. 4d. for fifty-three hours' work. This conclusion is supported by the very exhaustive tables given in the Ironfounders' Report for the year 1890, issued during the present year. In this one union all these advantages have been gained at a cost of £30,227 10s. 10d., and maintained over a long series of years, with a little over double the total expenditure for strikes by the Dockers' Union during the past year, which amounted to £14,487 14s. 9d.

Viewed, therefore, from every standpoint the provident benefits of trade unions confer inestimable advantages upon the members, economically, in their industrial relations; socially, as regards the home, the man, and the family, the latter being no longer dependent upon the doles of charity when reverses come; nor is the bread-winner compelled to accept less than the current rate of wages in his trade. Self-reliance and self-respect are inculcated, thrift is promoted, prudence is encouraged, and industry is ensured by the constant watchfulness of the members for each other's welfare, vacancies for efficient workmen being secured for those in the society who may be out of work. From a national point of view the benefits are scarcely less obvious. Such trade unions support their own poor, and thus relieve the rates; and yet the members contribute their share to the rates. If their example could be universally followed in all industries pauperism would in time become extinct, and the labour question would be practically solved by the ability of the workers to command, by associative effort and mutual support, a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. In other words, labour would obtain its rightful dues, and capital would find its due reward, the profits of production being equitably distributed and divided between those having a right to participate in the creative wealth of the country.

GEORGE HOWELL.

A STUDY IN MENTAL STATISTICS.

TO anyone impressed with the importance of objective results it is always gratifying to throw into numerical form the result of subjective or partially unconscious operations. The difficulties of introspective observations are many and obvious; such observations are warped, not only by the thought-habits of the individual observer, but they labour more particularly with the difficulty that if we allow our mental processes to go on in their natural trend, our memory of them soon fades away and becomes distorted, while in so far as we turn about to stare at them as they pass through the mind their original purity passes from them and leaves them artificial; they are like children romping about unconcernedly and expressing themselves freely in the privacy of the family circle, but bashful, silent, and conventional before strangers.

In the hopes of obtaining material capable of yielding in objective form the results of unconscious and natural mental processes, I asked the students of my class in Psychology to write out at their leisure one hundred words as rapidly as possible and to record the time. More definite instructions were purposely omitted, save that a caution against writing words in sentences was added. In this study I shall confine my results to those obtained from the papers of all the lady students in my class (twenty-five) and those of the twenty-five male students who happened to hand in their papers earliest. This material offers an embarrassing number of points of interest, amongst which I shall restrict myself to the following three: (*a*) the Community of Ideas and Thought-habits; (*b*) the Nature of the more usual Types of Association; and (*c*) the Time-relations of these Processes.

(*a*) In intellectual matters we are prone to insist upon our own

individuality; we regard our thoughts as peculiarly and originally ours, and so easily tend to look upon any similarity of thought as extremely surprising. It is this tendency that magnifies all such evidences of mental community into startling coincidences. Moreover, the habit is likely to remain unchecked because so many of these similarities are founded in the region of the unconscious, and thus are overlooked by the testimony of conscious memory. None the less we are (or rather ought to be) guided by the same logic; and it is the aim of modern Psychology to show the same laws at work in the minds of all. Even in the most recondite walks of science we find discoveries made independently by different observers, and unconscious plagiarism is a well-recognised occurrence. "Public Opinion" and the "Spirit of the Age" are formed, to a great extent, by unconscious similarities of thought. The probable extent of such similarity depends upon the usualness of the mental task in question. In the present case the mind is put upon its mettle to work as speedily as possible, and it naturally draws upon the most familiar and accessible shelves of its storehouse. Accordingly I find that of the entire 5,000 words only 2,024 are different. This means that fifty persons independently writing any one hundred words from the large number with which they are familiar, all in all, select from the same limited number of some 2,000 words—certainly a striking illustration of the limitations of the everyday workings of the mind and the community of our interests. Perhaps the result becomes still more striking if we take into account the words occurring but once in the entire lists; of these there are 1,266, and subtracting this number from the 5,000 words as well as from the 2,024 different words, we find that the remaining 2,976 are formed by the repetitions of a handful of 758 words. Still further, if we take the one hundred words most frequently mentioned, we find that the sum of their occurrences is 1,504, or three-tenths of the entire list.

Proceeding to the analysis of this "mental community," there are three points of special interest: (*a*) Is this tendency to repetition greater in any portion of the hundred words than in the rest? (*b*) Is it greater in any special classes of words? (*c*) Are

there any characteristic differences between the two sexes in this respect? Under the first head there is a variety of evidence showing that the most common words are written at the head of the list, resource being had to the less usual words as the former give out. As the evidence for this statement is rather complicated, it may be sufficient to mention that in the three groups of 500 words each, formed by the ten words at the head, the ten in the middle and the ten at the end of each list, the 25 words most frequently mentioned* occur respectively 154, 47, and 45 times; or 90 times oftener, 17 and 19 times less often than would result from a chance distribution.†

In order to discuss the second point it becomes necessary to refer to the table here appended. In the first column we find 25 classes in the order of the frequency of their occurrence. It may suffice at present to notice that these classes are very unequal in size, purely empirical in origin, and serve to show the kinds of concepts most apt to occur, and to be represented by the same words in the minds of different persons. In the succeeding columns we find the *number of words*, of *different* words, and of *unique* or once-mentioned words for each of these classes distinguishing the words of the *men's* lists from those of the *women's*

* It may be of interest to append a list of these words with their respective number of occurrences:—

1. Book	...	...	... 40	9. Cow	}			17. Pencil	}		
2. Horse	...	...	... 37	10. Paper	}	...	...	... 26	18. Wood	}	...	...	... 22
3. Girl	...	...	... 35	11. Dress	}				19. Leaves		...	...	... 21
4. Man	...	...	... 34	12. Watch		...	...	... 24	20. Cat	}			
5. Boy	...	...	... 33	13. Hand	}				21. Pen	}	...	...	... 20
6. Table	...	...	... 30	14. Hair	}				22. Hat	}			
7. Chair	}			15. Dog	}	...	...	... 23	23. Shoe	}			
8. Tree	}	...	... 28	16. House	}				24. Lake	}	...	...	... 19
									25. Knife	}			

Total number of occurrences 641

† Another method of testing the degree of repetition is by the percentage of words occurring but once in the entire lists. Of these there are in all 1,266 or 25·3 per cent. In the two groups of 2,500 each, it is 29·8 per cent. male, and 20·8 per cent. female. For the three groups of 500 each the number of "unique" words (as I shall term them) is 216 for the "first" group, 315 for the "middle" group, and 343 for the "last" group, or in percentage 43·2, 60·0, and 68·6; the average of which is 58·3 per cent. The proportion of different words and the number of "unique" words are thus seen to follow parallel courses, both being indicative of the "community" of thought now under discussion.

lists. A direct comparison of the ratio of repetition of these various classes is rendered unfair by their inequality of size,*

TABLE OF FREQUENCY OF MENTION OF VARIOUS CLASSES OF WORDS, &c.

Class	Number of Words in each Class		Number of different Words			Number of "unique" Words	
	Male	Female	Male	Female	Total	Male	Female
1. Animal Kingdom ...	254	178	81	52	97	36	14
2. Wearing Apparel and Fabrics	129	224	48	63	78	11	23
3. Proper Names ...	194	153	151	126	249	106	89
4. Verbs	197	134	134	77	178	85	37
5. Implements and Utensils	169	121	99	53	120	51	15
6. Interior Furnishings	89	190	39	52	66	13	12
7. Adjectives	177	102	120	65	155	80	33
8. Foods	53	179	38	67	83	13	25
9. Vegetable Kingdom	121	110	55	43	80	30	19
10. Abstract Terms ...	131	97	106	71	161	81	48
11. Buildings and Building Materials ...	105	117	52	44	70	23	12
12. Parts of Body ...	101	105	40	36	53	14	11
13. Miscellaneous ...	91	97	69	68	119	46	43
14. Geographical and Landscape Features	97	80	38	38	53	10	13
15. Mineral Kingdom ...	74	96	26	32	39	6	12
16. Meteorological and Astronomical ...	85	76	35	29	43	10	5
17. Stationery	60	86	17	20	24	2	4
18. Occupations and Callings	71	47	52	38	82	36	26
19. Conveyances ...	62	52	31	29	44	12	13
20. Educational	34	76	11	28	32	2	17
21. Other Parts of Speech	96	5	59	4	62	41	2
22. Arts	33	61	19	30	38	6	14
23. Amusements ...	30	53	22	34	50	12	21
24. Mercantile Terms ...	30	29	24	15	35	18	9
25. Kinship	17	32	10	9	13	2	3
Totals	2,500	2,500	1,376	1,123	2,024	746	520

* The ratio of repetition depends upon various factors, the influence of some of which may be briefly noted as follows:—(*a*) *The number of persons writing the lists*, the indication being that the amount of repetition increases as this number increases. (*b*) *The number of words written*, affecting the repetition in the same way. (*c*) *The character of the task*, the inference being that the repetition increases as the task becomes simpler. Similarly the classes most largely represented will show a larger ratio of repetition; it seems probable, too, that, other things being equal, the repetition will be larger in classes of words that are homogeneous and familiar and in classes possessing a few very common representatives, not to mention other factors.

but the conclusion (again resting upon somewhat complicated evidence) seems clear that the relatively greatest repetition occurs in the classes of least extent; for example in the limited class of *stationery*, the 146 words mentioned are made up by the repetition of the same 24 words, and but six words are "unique."

Rather than overload this paper with numerical results, I prefer to print the table in sufficient fulness to enable the reader to deduce from it a number of interesting points and proceed to the last point, the comparison of the male with the female students, regarding this mental community. The inference is unmistakable that the women repeat one another's words much more than the men.

The female students use only 1,123 (44·9 per cent.) different words, while their male class-mates use 1,375 (55·0 per cent.). Again, the former have written but 520 (20·8 per cent.) *unique* words, while the latter have written 746 (29·8 per cent.). With regard to classes the women show different preferences from the men. The repetitions in names of articles of apparel, of interior furnishings, preponderate with the women, but they have a much larger number of such words altogether; similarly, the men have more repetitions in the names of *animals* and mention more such names. Professor Minot reaches the same conclusion that "Women's repetitions greatly preponderate"; this is not equally true of all classes of diagrams, but that in general "there is much less variety among women than among men."

(*b*) It will be well to introduce the study of the kinds of association by a few remarks upon the nature and size of the 25 classes. These classes were derived merely by observing what prominent groups of words occurred in the lists. The purpose was to have as few classes as possible, provided they were natural, were distinctive and as unambiguous as the nature of the case would allow. In cases of doubt the group of associations in which the word occurred was generally sufficient to decide its classification. The relative sizes of these classes may thus be said to indicate in a rough way the contents of the most accessible and best stocked shelves of the average mind. Foremost among these are the names of *animals*, and particularly of the domestic animals, the five most common of which—*horse*, *cow*, *dog*, *cat*, and *sheep*—are mentioned

in all 118 times. (I have included here the words *boy, girl, man, woman*, which four words occur in all 118 times, because these words were usually mentioned as, and along with, the names of animals.) Next comes *apparel*—things with which everyone is constantly surrounded, which we have to manipulate daily and use as an aid to the distinction between man and man. Omitting the three merely verbal classes, proper names, verbs, and adjectives, we find the next largest classes to be implements and utensils, interior furnishings, and articles of food. About one-third of all the words comes under these five categories. Referring again to the table for further illustrations I will select for special consideration the very interesting preferences of the sexes for different classes of words. The class to which the women contribute most largely is that of *Articles of Dress, one word in every eleven* belonging to this class; while the men have 129 such words, the women have 224. The inference from this that dress is the predominant category of the feminine (or the privy feminine) mind is valid with proper reservations; but we should remember that the dress of a woman is more conspicuous, more complex, and more various than that of a man, and that she has more to do with the making of it. The prevalence of words denoting the common articles of furniture and the interior fittings of a house—the peculiar field of woman's household instincts—is quite as marked, such objects being mentioned 190 times by women and but 89 times by men. In *Foods*, the disproportion is even greater, the women mentioning words of this class 179 times and the men 53. How far this difference can be accounted for by a more intimate acquaintance with the processes of preparing food I will leave an open question. In words referring to the Amusements, Arts, and Educational Matters the women show an excess over the men which likewise points to a characteristic difference in the interests of the two. In the young men we find marked predominances for the names of Animals, of Implements, and Utensils, the names of Professions and similar relations, and very markedly for Abstract Terms. In general we may conclude that the feminine traits revealed by this study are an attention to the immediate surroundings, to the finished product

to the ornamental, the individual, and the concrete; while the masculine preference is for the more remote, the constructive, the useful, the general, and the abstract.

The study of the kinds of association revealed by these lists proves to be a rather difficult task. In reading them over it was usually easy to see the connection between word and word; but to describe and classify this connection without doing it violence is a difficult task. In the present unsatisfactory condition of the psychology of association, I can do little more than describe the more prominent and interesting types here represented. Perhaps the most obvious and most frequent is the association by natural kinds, *i.e.*, by such related objects as would in most cases come under some one of the 35 classes of our table. One list, for example, begins with *cat, dog, hen, chicken, pug, bird, cow, bull, heifer, calf, kitten, girl, dress, ribbon, boy, hat, boots, shoes, stocking, cap, necktie, slippers, pants*, &c., composed, as is seen, largely of names of animals and of articles of dress. Another begins: *Hand, face, lip, teeth, tongue, palate, nose, eyes, forehead, hair, nail, foot, toe, fingers, body, chest, legs, knees, calf, cow, horse, pig, donkey, mule, mare, boy, man*, &c., the transition from Parts of Body to Animals proceeding by the double meaning of the word *calf*. An unusual series is: *Stars, Mars, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, moon, earth, equator, cancer, capricorn*. A feminine series is: *Bread, butter, meat, potato, turnip, cabbage, sugar, tea, coffee, milk, cream, mustard, catsup, pepper, salt, vinegar*.

A striking type of association is by the *sound* of the word. *Cow* suggests *calf*, not alone for the same reason that it suggests *ox*, but in addition because the initial sound is the same in both words. That this is more a matter of sound than of sight is indicated by such instances as *nail*, suggesting *knife, hair, hare; soul, sole;* or again in the series *learn, burn, earn*. With some this habit is entirely the dominant one, and these are probably what I have termed "ear-minded" persons.* One man presents an extreme case of this, for out of his hundred words only 15 do not rhyme

* See *Popular Science Monthly*, September, 1888.

with one or other of the neighbouring words. Here are samples from his list:—

Run	Tear	Wallow	Rope	Man	Money	Hurry
Fun	Hair	Swallow	Pope	Can	Funny	Curry
Pun	Care	Tallow	Soap	Tan	Sunny	Flurry
Gun	Chair	Mallow	Elope	Pan		
Ton	Stair	Shallow				
Son	Fair					
	Flare					

Table	Relate	Rich	Latin
Stable	Dilate	Pitch	Satin
Cable	Expatiate	Stitch	
	Dictate	Itch	

This rhyming is quite usual, and especially amongst the men. At times it is a mere similarity of sound, such as *picture* and *pitcher*, *cable*, and *cabal*, *butter*, and *letter*. An allied and prevalent tendency is that towards alliteration. I have counted how often each of the 25 most distinctive initial sounds is followed by a word beginning with the same sound, and find 390 such cases—240 amongst the men, 150 amongst the women. If this were a matter of chance there should only have been 200 of such cases altogether, 100 for each sex. To cite an extreme instance, one man, 75 of whose hundred words show this tendency, writes: —*Hen*, *hand*, *harp*, *heard*, *head*, *heart*, *handy*, *hope*, *hop*, *hops*, *harpy*; and *ape*, *apron*, *apart*, *aspect*, *asp*, *Alps*, *air*, *arc*, *are*; and again, *finger*, *fin*, *fan*, *fond*, *fund*, *fancy*.

Other characteristic associations refer to such relations as: *Piano*, *player*; *musician*, *music*; *farm*, *farmer*; *student*, *professor*; *man*, *son*; *preacher*, *sermon*; and the like; to the passage from the general to the special, and *vice versâ*, such as *animal*, *horse*; *merchant*, *man*; *leaf*, *green*; *black*, *coal*; to the passage from whole to part, and *vice versâ*, such as *boat*, *oar*, and *handle*, *hammer*; to synonyms, such as *hit*, *strike*; *tool*, *implement*; to parts of objects usually occurring in groups, such as *bread* and *butter*, *cuff* and *collar*, *knife* and *fork*; and to contrasts both of quantity and quality.

A further characteristic of these associations deserves notice. The mind does not always, and perhaps not often, proceed from

one idea to another, and then to one suggested by the second, and so on, but one idea forms the centre, about which a small group of ideas accumulates, the mind in each case going back to the centre and out along a new radius. The simplest case would be the alternation of associations such as occurs in the series just noted, where "*girl*" suggests "*boy*" across the two associations "*dress*" and "*ribbon*," while they in turn arch over the word "*boy*" to connect with "*hat*," and the idea of "*hat*" is probably still in the mind when "*cap*" is written four words later.

Finally, combining the two inquiries (*a* and *b*), I will investigate the similarity of the same word with the same word. For this purpose the 20 most frequently occurring words, whose aggregate occurrences number some 540, were selected, and in each case the preceding and the succeeding word were noted. In 30 cases one of these words began the entire list (proving clearly that the commonest words are apt to be first thought of), and in one case the word closed the list. The result was that of the 510 "preceding" words 111 (21·8 per cent.) were the same, and of the 539 "succeeding" words 145 (27·0 per cent.) were the same—a very striking degree of community of association. It means that in the case of these 20 most common words the chances are about even that one or other of the neighbouring words will be the same as a designated associated word. I find, too, that the chances of a word's suggesting the same word are somewhat greater than of its having been suggested by the same word. If we observe separately the results of the "feminine" and the "masculine" papers on this point, we find in the former 48 repetitions in 291 (16·5 per cent.) preceding words, and 55 (18·0 per cent.) repetitions in 306 succeeding words; and in the latter case 26 (11·9 per cent.) repetitions in 219 preceding words, and 40 repetitions (17·2 per cent.) in 233 succeeding words. As before, the women are much more like one another in their habits of thought than are the men.

(*c*) Regarding the time relations of these processes, allowance must be made for the somewhat rough methods of taking the time; as might be expected in so complicated and so varying a task the average variation is large. In the general average (in which these influences have a chance to correct one another) the writing and

associating of 100 words occupied 5 minutes and 8 seconds, or 3·08 seconds per word. There is practically no difference in the times of the two sexes. The time includes the time of writing, of associating, and of doing both together, and inasmuch as writing is somewhat automatic in character the last element may be considerable. To determine this I found the time in a number of cases needed to write 100 disconnected words from dictation; this writing time proved to be 2·12 seconds per word. The difference between this and 3·08 seconds (0·98 seconds) is a *minimum* association time. Again, I had some of the students call out as rapidly as possible 100 words in association. This takes 1·30 seconds per word, which may be regarded as a maximum association time; to read or speak these 100 words occupied 0·31 seconds per word, leaving 0·99 seconds as another *minimum* association time. From these data the average association time would be 1·17 seconds per word. We find, then (roughly speaking), that of the 308 seconds occupied in writing 100 words, 210 seconds are spent in the act of writing, 114 seconds in thinking of what to write, and 16 seconds in which both are done.

JOS. JASTROW.

*** *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*